

Producers: Richard Zanuck  
Lili Fini Zanuck

Director: Walter Hill

# WILD BILL

*"...an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos"*

Whitman

Revised  
Screenplay  
By  
Walter Hill

3/17/94

JAMES BUTLER 'WILD BILL' HICKOK was six feet two inches tall, powerfully built with long curling hair spilling down to his shoulders. He wore a drooping moustache that he kept carefully waxed -- Unless engaged on the frontier, he was normally elegantly dressed; Prince Albert cutaway coats, pants of elegant tweed -- Hickok was always well armed, TWO NAVY DRAGOON PISTOLS and a huge BOWIE KNIFE at his waist -- At the time of his death he was 39 years old.

## WILD BILL

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ENDLESS PLAINS - NEBRASKA TERRITORY - WINTER - DAY 1

A small WAY STATION at a crossroads on the vast horizon --  
The WIND blows harshly across the snow covered earth...

SUPER TITLE: NEBRASKA - 1869

Out of the cold midday sun, a SILHOUETTED RIDER approaches  
on horseback -- leading TWO MULES stacked with buffalo  
hides.

2 INT. WAY STATION - NEBRASKA TERRITORY - DAY 2

Bill Hickok enters.  
Pulls off his heavy coat -- dressed for winter on the  
plains, he wears buckskins and a fur hat --  
Stands at a makeshift bar of the board-and-barrel style.  
A rough place where the whiskey is drawn from a huge keg,  
rather than by the bottle. A dozen HERDERS lounge about the  
place, seated on cracker boxes, propped against the sod  
walls...

BILL

Whiskey.

Served up -- He starts to drink.  
Suddenly, a DROVER lurches against him, KNOCKING the glass  
against his teeth -- Whiskey is splashed down the front of  
his shirt. He stands there a moment, booze glistening in  
his moustache, then looks purposefully around -- surveys the  
mean crew -- The four nearest him are SETH BEEBER, JACK  
SLATER, FRANK DOWDER, and JOHN HARKNESS.

DOWDER

Didn't see ya there.

(CONTINUED)

\*

2

CONTINUED:

2

Smiles all round. Hickok gives them a long look --  
Then turns to the bar to order another drink -- This is  
mistakenly interpreted as cowardice -- Seth Beeber, grinning  
like a wolf, steps up and knocks Hickok's bearskin off his  
head... Without a word Hickok whirls and BACKHANDS Beeber  
so viciously that the man is instantly floored -- Beeber,  
humiliated at being so easily used, starts to go for the gun  
strapped to his coat. As he does, so do his friends --  
Using both pistols, Hickok LETS GO in seemingly all  
directions at once. Dowder, Slater and Harkness DIE ON  
THEIR FEET, each with a bullet in the brain. Beeber, still  
on his knees, takes a BLAST on the lower jaw -- For years he  
will be found in Kansas City saloons, unable to speak  
clearly... Hickok bends down -- picks up his bearskin,  
replaces it on his head.

\*

\*

BILL

\*

You fellas oughta understand -- you  
don't ever touch another man's hat.

(turns back to the  
Barkeep)

I'll have that whiskey.

As the room swims in BLUE SMOKE of Hickok's guns...

GO TO:

3

INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - NIGHT

3

A raucous atmosphere of music, liquor, tobacco; The CAMERA  
RISES past the CROWDED parlor, drifts up the stairwell and  
comes to rest on a series of doors on the upstairs landing --

SUPER: LAWRENCE, KANSAS - 1870

4

INT. WHORE'S CRIB - NIGHT

4

Hickok is in bed with a YOUNG WOMAN. She is asleep; Bill  
seems to be in a reflective mood -- He stares at the ceiling  
-- Suddenly the door to the wardrobe BURSTS open and SOMEONE  
comes out pistol BLAZING... ANOTHER MAN kicks the door  
open, both SHOOTING everything in the room. Hickok rolls  
out of the bed and onto the floor, his own pistol BLASTING  
the darkness apart --

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

The Man coming out of the closet is suddenly dead, a bullet in the brain. The Man coming through the door falls, shot in the throat. With his ears still ringing, Hickok gathers his clothes together -- goes to the door -- looks down at the parlor below --

5 INT. PARLOR BELOW

5

The Patrons get to their feet -- stare dumbly upward, amazed at the sudden unexpected violence...

6 INT. CRIB - HICKOK

6

Bill moves back, pulls the covers away -- the Young Woman is cowering into the pillows.

WOMAN

They forced me! They said they'd  
kill me!

Hickok levels his pistol -- seems about to shoot --

HICKOK

Guess I'll just take my money back.  
Pretty girl like you oughta hang out  
with a better sort --

He takes her purse off the top of the bureau, removes some money --

BILL

I don't figure I have to pay for  
gettin' shot at...

He leaves, SLAMMING the door after him.

GO TO:

7 EXT. FRONT STREET - HAYS CITY - DAY

7

A HARD RAIN is falling -- THIRTY CAVALRY HORSES posted outside Tommy Drum's Saloon.

8

INT. TOMMY DRUM'S SALOON - HAYS CITY - DAY

8

A sea of loud, boisterous, drunk and over-bearing SOLDIERS...

SUPER: HAYS CITY - 1871

Hickok enters, ignores the soldiers, walks straight to the bar. The place goes SILENT. Only the SOUND OF THE RAIN beating on a tin roof --

DRUM

Howdy, Bill.

He pours Bill a shot -- then from down the way:

SOLDIER ONE

Ma, ma, who's my pa? Wild Bill  
Hickok -- Haw, haw, haw!

SOLDIER TWO

Oh please, Mr. Wild Bill, don't shoot  
me now. I ain't done nothin' wrong.  
Don't shoot me, Mr. Wild Bill.

More laughter.

BILL

Never liked soldiers. Never liked  
the goddamn Army. Never liked  
officers. Sons of bitches.

He drinks.

A BIG TROOPER moves down the bar next to Hickok.

BIG TROOPER

Maybe you oughta buy me a drink,  
Hickok.

BILL

Buy your own whiskey.

The Big Trooper smiles and reaches out -- tugs Bill's hat down low over his eyes. The saloon remains silent as Hickok stands frozen -- then he slowly takes off his Stetson and places it on the bar top.

(CONTINUED)

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\*

BILL

Shouldn't touch another man's hat.

Now turns and looks at the Big Trooper.

BIG TROOPER

I ain't wearin' no pistol.

Hickok pulls his big DRAGOON REVOLVERS, SLAMS them down on the bar in front of Tommy Drum -- The Big Trooper stares for a full second, as if Hickok had not spoken -- then belches out a laugh and grabs at Hickok's shirt...

Bill SLAMS him with both fists, backs off and NUT KICKS the Big Trooper -- who stands frozen -- then falls, all done -- ANOTHER SOLDIER suddenly PUNCHES Hickok -- They begin to fight, left, right left, right -- Hickok finally grabs him in a chancery, runs the Soldier's head into the wooden bar.

ANOTHER SOLDIER steps forward, SLAMS Bill in the face, another to the body. Hickok fights back, but now he's starting to get badly winded. Two big punches finish the Soldier...

As Bill stands there gasping, ANOTHER SOLDIER comes forward, punches Hickok. It's clear Bill's going to have to fight every soldier in the place. The two men fight savagely, evenly... ANOTHER SOLDIER comes at Hickok, he's now fighting two at once, taking punishment, trying to land, very winded -- ANOTHER SOLDIER steps into the fray, three men now PUNCHING him, Hickok down, bloody, back on his feet, down again -- falling near Tommy Drum --

DRUM

Shit, Bill - they're gonna kill you!

Drum sticks Bill's pistols into his hands, Hickok rises, now armed. Bloody and beaten, his two big dragoons now go to work -- BOOM! BOOM! as all hell breaks loose --

Two Soldiers pulling their guns out -- both WOUNDED by Hickok's shots -- One of the Soldiers at the end of the bar FIRES. He is drunk and his bullet misses Hickok -- hits a Soldier beyond. Things now begin to happen very quickly. A FUSILLADE OF GUNFIRE BURSTS OUT. Several Troopers have their guns out, BLASTING, and Hickok is HIT several times.

(CONTINUED)

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6.

9 CONTINUED:

9

He KILLS TWO SOLDIERS, manages to make for the door through the pandemonium --

GO TO:

10 INT. BEDROOM - BOARDING HOUSE - ABILENE - HICKOK - CALAMITY 10  
JANE - DAY

HICKOK'S WATCH lies on the table at bedside, TICKING LOUDLY...

JANE (V.O.)

Bill! Bill! Wake up...

BILL comes up gasping from his pillow. JANE is shaking him, pushing against his back -- He grabs her hand in a vise grip...

JANE

Bill! You were yellin' in your sleep. You okay?

BILL

Nothin'. Just a dream.

The room is in disorder, what at first appears to be uncommon litter is actually old newspaper, deliberately crumpled up and strewn about the floor as a primitive prowler alarm.

SUPER: ABILENE - 1872

JANE

You gonna tell me about it --

BILL

Ain't important. Maybe I drank a little too much last night.

He stands, pulls off his night shirt...splashes in the basin as he washes his face -- CALAMITY JANE CANNARY is a buxom woman, in her 30's -- She watches as he begins to towel off...

BILL

I hadda dream about this little dog --



11

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

11

In a single movement, Hickok pulls a PISTOL from under a pillow, grabs a SHOTGUN from where it rests against the wall -- Scatter-gun leveled at the door, pistol covering the window -- The expression on Hickok's face is momentarily chilling, like that of a hunted beast seen from a startling proximity --

JANE

(whisper)

Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

Bill? Hey, Bill, it's me. Mike.

Hickok relaxes a trifle --

VOICE (O.S.)

Mike Williams. You up?

Jane does a pathetic covering up gesture as Hickok pulls the door open -- MIKE WILLIAMS is clean cut, pleasant mannered -- plainly embarrassed by the disheveled, partially clad appearance of Jane, he averts his eyes...

WILLIAMS

I'm sorry, Ma'am. Really... I'll come back...

BILL

Naw, she don't care. Come on in.

Grabs his watch.

BILL

Two o'clock -- Time I was gettin' up.

WILLIAMS

Sorry to bust in on ya, Bill...

Bill waves away his apology and starts pulling on his clothes --

WILLIAMS

Come to tell ya Phil Coe's on his way back into town.

Jane splashes about in the wash basin -- begins to dress...

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Yeah?

WILLIAMS

I hear he's bringin' Jessie with 'im.

Hickok stops pulling on his pants -- Jane also throws a look.

BILL

When's he due?

WILLIAMS

Comin' in tomorrow on the noon stage.

Hickok goes back to his buttons and suspenders --

BILL

This rotten town's overrun with  
Texans --

Williams is by now acutely embarrassed as Jane, back turned, continues dressing across the way.

WILLIAMS

I better get goin' over to the  
office --

He goes out the door, softly closes it behind him --

BILL

He's okay, Ol' Mike. Damn sight  
better'n the other fools I got fer  
depities --

Jane is holding back something she wants to say --

JANE

Bill?

Hickok puts on his hat and heads for the door.

JANE

Bill? You and this Jessie Hazlitt...

BILL

People say things. Don't mean nothin'.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JANE

People say she left you for Phil Coe.

BILL

She's just a whore.

JANE

Are you goin' t'kill him?

BILL

Men don't fight over whores.

As he goes out -- CLOSE ON JANE as she reacts...

12 EXT. TEXAS STREET - SALOON - ABILENE - DAY

12

The sign across the front says NORTH STAR -- sounds of MUSIC, LAUGHING, HOOTING from inside. Then a SINGLE SHOT followed by cheering.

13 INT. NORTH STAR SALOON - ABILENE - DAY

13

Bill is standing in the middle of the room, holding his gun in one hand, a mirror in the other, sighting backwards over his shoulder. Sitting on the floor of the bar is Pink Buford's BULLDOG -- there is a shot glass on the animal's head. The dog sits quietly as Bill lines up his aim -- moves a little to his left or right, adjusts the mirror...

VOICE

Five dollars says he kills the dog.

Bill does not acknowledge him. He studies the mirror and then squeezes off a SHOT that blows the glass off the dog's head. There is more CHEERING, people putting drinks in Bill's hand. Bill accepts the adulation with a certain reserve, nodding politely on his way back to the bar. He is followed in turn by the dog, who lies at Bill's feet, tongue jiggling as he pants. Bill reaches down and touches the dog's face. PINK BUFORD is playing cards at the next table --

PINK BUFORD

I don't mind you shootin' glasses off my dog's head, Sheriff, but you keep fondling him like that, you'll ruin him for fightin'...

Bill and the dog each put a cold look on Pink Buford.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

BILL

You oughtn't to fight him at all.

PINK BUFORD

That animal's bred for it -- You  
oughta understand that better'n  
anybody.

BILL

(cold)

Then you ought let him find his own.

BILL is decked out in his Prince Albert frock coat, checked trousers and silk brocade vest -- Pinned to the coat is a BADGE... Hickok squeezes his eyes shut, rubs his hands over them as the Bartender pours Bill a whiskey --

14

MIKE WILLIAMS - ACROSS THE WAY

14

He peers out the saloon's double-doors - SEES:

15

EXT. TEXAS STREET - ABILENE - WILLIAMS'S P.O.V. - DAY

15

The NOON STAGE approaching... It pulls to a stop in the  
dusty street directly opposite --

16

CLOSE - MIKE WILLIAMS

16

Hickok moves to his side, stares out...

17

EXT. TEXAS STREET - HICKOK'S P.O.V.

17

As the baggage is passed down from the top of the stage, two figures emerge: JESSIE HAZLITT -- A good looking woman in an obvious sort of way -- She looks at her companion -- then over to Hickok. Gives Bill her best smile. PHIL COE is a large man; six feet four, handsome, well dressed to the point of being a slicker -- He too looks over at Hickok, then quickly looks away.

18

HICKOK - WILLIAMS - DOORWAY

18

BILL

-- I just might haveta take the shine  
off that string bean.

MIKE

Phil's a real clean-cut fella.

BILL

Says who?

Jessie and Phil Coe enter The Alamo Saloon, disappear from  
sight --

19

EXT. THE ALAMO SALOON - TEXAS STREET - ABILENE - NIGHT

19

Some DROVERS are having their fun shoving around a SMALL MAN  
wearing a suit -- They toss him back and forth, laughing  
drunkenly. Finally, one of the cowboys knocks the Small Man  
down. Another kicks him -- PHIL COE stands at the door of  
the saloon, his pistol in his hand -- He FIRES it into the  
air to raise a little more ruckus... The mob shuts up as  
Hickok manifests himself -- After a moment of silence as  
Hickok eyeballs the crowd...

COWPOKE

Jes' funnin', Marshal.

BILL

I don't think this fella here  
appreciates your damn humor.

They release the storekeeper.

COWPOKE

Didn't like his politics.

Hickok KNOCKS him down with a single punch. Kicks him --

BILL

I'm a union man -- Fought four years  
against your kind.

Turns to Phil Coe...

BILL

Now, who fired that weapon?

Hickok can plainly see no one but Coe has a gun in his hand,  
but he's in a bullying mood...

(CONTINUED)

PHIL COE

It was me, Hickok.

BILL

You got an explanation why you was  
breakin' a city ordinance?

PHIL COE

Just shootin' at a dog. Looked to me  
like he had a foamy mouth.

BILL

I don't see no dead dog.

PHIL COE

I guess I missed.

BILL

You best hand over the gun, Phil.  
Otherwise I'll just have to step over  
there and slap you around some.  
How'd you like that, Phil? I might  
even ask your girlfriend to come on  
out and watch...

PHIL COE

You're workin' me, Hickok.

BILL

Damn right I am.

Phil Coe's face twitches involuntarily -- somewhere, deep  
inside, he makes an irrevocable decision -- brings his gun  
to bear on Hickok. The SOUND OF RUNNING FEET -- TWO SHOTS  
EXPLODE -- A look of resignation and acceptance on Coe's  
face as he falls -- The SOUND OF RUNNING FEET is louder now --

OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE Hickok senses movement -- From  
behind a SHADOWY FIGURE with a GUN IN HAND -- Hickok turns,  
BLASTS point blank and MIKE WILLIAMS falls dead, a  
bullet in his brain -- JANE comes bursting through the  
crowd...

JANE

Bill!

He looks at the crowd of cowboys in front of him. They  
shift around, still silent. Jane bends over Williams --

JANE

He's dead. You shot Mike Williams --

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

DROVER

You shot your own depity --

There is a look on Hickok's face, as though he has been deserted. Pain and bewilderment... He bends over the body, tears form in his eyes -- then a slow anger -- He gets back to his feet:

BILL

I'm gonna go get my shotgun, then I'm gonna go get my horse. By the time I get back, I see a person on the street, I'll kill 'em...

He turns on his heel and leaves. Very quickly, with almost no words, the whole crowd, chilled by Hickok's manner, hit out for faraway places -- in a moment Jane is left standing alone with the body of Mike Williams --

19A EXT. TEXAS STREET - ABILENE - LATER THAT NIGHT

19A \*

Still as a ghost town -- All that can be heard is the SOUND of a horse CLOPPING in the dirt. Hickok, mounted, walking his horse up and down the street. His shotgun across the saddle, he patrols endlessly, and not a creature stirs -- AS HE PASSES BY, GO TO:

20 INT. PALACE THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

20

The controlled pandemonium a few minutes before curtain. Jugglers warming up, costumes being fitted, extras milling about -- A long table with mirrors and oil lamps -- ACTORS and ACTRESSES being made up, having their hair done --

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - 1873

PAN DOWN the length of the table as the heavy greasepaint is being applied -- coming to rest on BILL HICKOK as he watches his cheeks rouged pink, his long hair combed out and greasy lipstick painted on -- O.S. an Orchestra begins the OVERTURE -- CHARLEY UTTER stands nearby reading a newspaper. He's tall, elegant, an Eastern type; sometime gambler, longtime companion to Hickok -- A STAGE MANAGER leans close to Bill, gives him a professional smile --

STAGE MANAGER

Two minutes, Mr. Hickok.

Bill takes a pull on a gin bottle.

STAGE MANAGER

(snippy)

And Mr. Hickok, if we could ease back on the gin until after the show?  
Thank you.

CHARLEY

I kinda like the lipstick --

(CONTINUED)



BILL

To hell with you, Charley.

CHARLEY

The drama critic of the Herald Tribune says Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show is a new low in popular entertainment... Vulgar, stupid and amateur --

BILL

Insultin' bastard ain't he?

CHARLEY

He thinks your performance is *particularly* offensive.

BILL

What's this critic fellas name?

CHARLEY

He signed the column, Chauncey Osborn.

Make-up complete, Bill stands --

BILL

Bring old Chauncey around, Charley.  
I'll break his jaw for him.

He leans across to an ACTRESS being made up next to him, pulls the top of her dress down, almost fully exposing her breasts...

ACTRESS

You son of a bitch!

Gives him a stinging slap --

BILL

Real wildcat ain't ya, honey?

The Stage Manager is suddenly back in Bill's face --

STAGE MANAGER

(shouting)

Mr. Hickok, I have told you before,  
these are actresses not streetwalkers,  
I will not have you --

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

Bill pulls both pistols, BLASTS a few rounds into the floor at the Stage Manager's feet, making him dance a fast jig -- The GUN FIRE occasions more SCREAMS, several of the extras ducking away... Bill puts his guns away, starts moving toward the stage --

BILL

I ain't real sure I'm cut out for  
this acting business, Charley --

As he moves out to center stage Charley waits in the wings. BUFFALO BILL CODY joins Hickok from backstage opposite --

CODY

I told ya, quit shootin' your God  
damn pistols backstage --

BILL

Aw hell, Bill -- I was just havin' a  
little fun...

Smiles at Cody as the CURTAIN GOES UP -- The smile fades as he turns to the APPLAUDING audience...

21

INT. PALACE THEATER - NEW YORK CITY - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

21

HICKOK, BUFFALO BILL and another COWBOY stand on the stage which is decorated with mock sagebrush and a painted desert backdrop. A CINNAMON BEAR is tethered to a phony tree. There are a group of INDIANS crouched in one corner of the stage -- A fake campfire glows --

CODY

(stage voice)

I say, Wild Bill, where have you been?

Bill seems to have forgotten his lines.

CODY

I say, old pard, where have you been?  
Texas Jack and I here have been  
wondering where you have been?

Bill's line readings are as wooden as Cody's --

BILL

I had been riding my horse Black  
Nell peacefully along the river when  
we were corralled by a party of  
hostiles --

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

CODY  
What kind of hostiles?

BILL  
Injuns.

A SPOTLIGHT snaps on, riveting the two men in a sudden white glare -- Indian shadow figures move stealthily behind as the orchestra hits a cue --

CODY  
Yes. What tribe of Indians, Wild Bill?

Bill is clearly bothered by the intense light -- He rubs his eyes --

BILL  
Sioux. They was Sioux Injuns.

CODY  
And who was their chief?

BILL  
Damned if I know.

Laughter. Bill looks to the grids above the stage...

BILL  
Up there. Turn down the damn light.  
Damn near blind a fella...

CODY  
I say Wild Bill, who was their chief?

BILL  
I think it was Yellow Hand. Yes, it was Chief Yellow Hand.

CODY  
And what did you do?

BILL  
My horse Black Nell and I was surrounded -- We fought as best we could. But the odds was hopeless. Finally I run out of ammunition and the Injuns kept a comin'.

(CONTINUED)

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17.

21 CONTINUED:

21

CODY

My God. And what happened next?

BILL

Well, Buffalo Bill, they killed me.

More feint laughter -- Bill again touches his eyes, obviously in pain...

BILL

God damn it, turn off that damn light!

He draws a pistol and BLASTS -- the arc light EXPLODES as the audience SCREAMS, front row patrons covered with falling glass --

GO TO:

22 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - CHEYENNE - DAY

22

Eye charts cover the wall, a standing skeleton, various accouterments of nineteenth century frontier medicine and dentistry. BILL sits in a chair -- A PHYSICIAN shines a light in his eyes...

SUPER: CHEYENNE - 1876

DOCTOR

Ummm...

He reaches into a nearby tray --

DOCTOR

Try these, Bill...

He slips a pair of SMOKED GLASSES on Hickok.

DOCTOR

Should help with the pain. You wear 'em all you can.

BILL

For how long?

DOCTOR

From now on.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

BILL  
(taking them off)  
You mean forever?

DOCTOR  
Yup.

BILL  
Don't seem natural.

DOCTOR  
(shrugs)  
You got glaucoma, Bill. You ain't  
blind yet -- but it could get pretty  
bad --

BILL  
Seems to kinda come and go --

DOCTOR  
It's always gonna come back, Bill.  
There's nothing I can do to stop it  
or set it back...

BILL  
Guess I spent too much time staring  
out at the prairie sun during my  
scoutin' years...

DOCTOR  
Bill... You got a disease. It comes  
from too much proximity to, ahh,  
infected females. You understand  
what I'm talking about?

Hickok thinks about this for a moment.

BILL  
I had some trouble about ten years  
back. Cleared right up when the  
local Doc put a hot wire up my  
privates.

DOCTOR  
Problem with your eyes could be  
related to that, Bill.

Hickok rises, pulls on his coat --

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

BILL

Naw. I just spent too much time  
starin' at the prairie sun. How much  
do I owe ya?

23

EXT. CITY STREET - CHEYENNE - HIGH SHOT - DAY

23

A normal day's activity in the late afternoon... On the  
street below a MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR appears, shotgun across  
his lap -- He rolls himself forward to the center of the  
road, oblivious to the horse and wagon traffic passing  
around him -- As WE ZOOM CLOSER to the wheelchair...

24

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHEYENNE - DAY

24

BILL HICKOK is dressed in a white suit and a tie. He is  
checking himself in the mirror, seeing how he looks with and  
without a hat, smoothing his hair -- He is barefoot.

BILL

Wish I knew how I got into this --

Bill pours himself a shot.

BILL

Stuff's affected my judgment. I  
better find a new brand --

CHARLEY is sitting on the bed behind Bill, watching, dressed  
in much the same way, only he's put his wedding shoes on.  
Somewhere outside, CHURCH BELLS are ringing...

CHARLEY

She's a wealthy woman, Bill. Folks  
say she's got a ten thousand a year  
income -- Can't be too bad a deal  
marryin' a woman that rich...

BILL

Having principles ain't easy,  
Charley.

CHARLEY

You're gonna travel and meet the  
president, attend all the operas and  
such... They're gonna love you,  
Bill. You're the real thing. A hero  
of the west.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

Hickok looks back at Charley in the mirror.

BILL

They struck gold up in Dakota -- I'm  
thinkin' I might like to move on...

CHARLEY

You tell Agnes about your travel  
plans?

BILL

It's no place for a lady -- I got  
word California Joe's gonna be in  
Deadwood come July. They say the  
gold's all over -- Just gotta bend  
over and pick it up...

There is a KNOCK ON THE DOOR --

VOICE

Mr. Hickok?

Charley opens the door and is surprised to find a dirty,  
HALF-DRUNK MAN standing on the other side, holding his hat  
in his hands. The Man looks past him to Hickok across the  
way --

MAN

\*

(nervous)

Mr. Hickok, there's a man in the  
street give me a dollar to come up  
here and tell you you are a coward  
and a woman stealer and a horse  
molester.

Bill stands where he is, still straightening... Then moves  
to the window --

BILL

He say what horse?

MAN

No sir, he didn't.

24A

EXT. STREET - CHEYENNE - BILL'S P.O.V. - DAY

24A

\*

The man in the wheelchair is still positioned in the street,  
holding the shotgun -- Horse and pedestrian traffic moving  
around him, paying little attention...

24B INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHEYENNE - DAY

24B \*

Bill takes a coin from his pocket and tosses it to the Man  
-- Charley closes the door as Hickok crosses the room to a  
closet, opens it and takes out his guns --

CHARLEY  
You oughtn't do this, Bill. This is  
your wedding day --

(CONTINUED)



24B CONTINUED:

24B \*

Bill checks his revolvers -- studies himself in the mirror. Nods, more satisfied now with what he sees -- As Bill walks out the door, Charley grabs Bill's shoes, and follows him down the hall, hurrying to catch up...

25 INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL

25

Charley a few steps behind as Hickok turns a corner in the narrow hallway --

CHARLEY

Lookit, I'll quiet him down for you.  
I'll go out there and skull him, you  
won't hear another word out of his  
mouth.

Bill is not listening. As he walks down the corridor to the stairwell, a door to another room opens, and AGNES LAKE appears in the opening, dressed in a beautiful BRIDAL OUTFIT. She's a handsome woman, now of a certain age, confident in movements, set in her ways... She steps into the hall, sees what is going on, and puts her hands on her hips, disgusted. Charley senses her there, turns, still following Bill and holding his shoes, and gives her an apologetic smile.

CHARLEY

Don't worry about a thing, Agnes,  
I'll get him to the church --

26 EXT. STREET - CHEYENNE - DAY

26

BILL HICKOK walks out of the hotel door barefooted and into the sunlight -- He squints, the gunman a dark blur against the bright light. CHARLEY comes out a second behind him, and sees WILL PLUMMER sitting in the WHEELCHAIR, his shotgun held ready...

SUPER: WILL PLUMMER, MARCH 17, 1837 - JUNE 24, 1876

Bill peering into the sun, trying to focus -- The figure down the street remains BLURRED...

CHARLEY

Will Plummer. Ed's brother.

WILL PLUMMER

Bill Hickok, I'm calling you...

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

He aims the shotgun down the street --

BILL

(to Charley)

I thought I shot the son of a bitch  
once.

BLAST CUT TO:

27

EXT. THE SAME STREET - CHEYENNE - THREE MONTHS BEFORE - DAY 27

Bill is standing in the middle, squinting into the wind and dust that is blown into his face. The CAMERA PANS, as a stream of insults become audible.

INSULTING VOICE

You're a damn wife stealer. Yessir.  
Wife-stealing chicken-shit, yellow-  
belly polecat --

The CAMERA RESTS on a GUNFIGHTER, standing opposite -- This is ED PLUMMER.

SUPER: ED PLUMMER - DEC. 24, 1841 - APRIL 23, 1876

A horse NICKERS, Bill looks quickly in that direction, seeing a SET OF LEGS beneath and behind the horse, a hint of a dirty hat above the saddle.

At the same time, Ed Plummer draws his sidearm, and a half second later his brother Will cocks a carbine and rests it across the top of the saddle of the horse he is behind.

Bill senses everything at once. He shoots Ed in the gut, then turns and shoots between the horse's legs, hitting Will in the leg. The horse rears backwards and falls onto Will, pinning him underneath. The carbine fires once into the air; Will screams from under the horse. Bill cocks his pistol and walks slowly over as the animal regains its feet. He leans close to Will Plummer, getting him in focus. He studies Will, then looks back at Ed lying in the street --

WILL PLUMMER

No, Jesus -- I can't feel my legs!

He stares up at Bill, waiting to be shot. Bill considers the man, then uncocks the hammer and puts the gun back in his holster. As he walks away, Will begins to shout.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

WILL PLUMMER

I can't feel my legs! I can't feel  
my god-damn legs!! You can't leave  
me like this, I can't feel nothing!!

A small CROWD has gathered around -- Bill, without comment,  
goes back into the saloon...

CUT BACK TO:

28 EXT. STREET - CHEYENNE - CLOSE - WILL PLUMMER - DAY

28

He rolls his wheelchair forward, down the street -- moves  
closer to the hotel.

WILL PLUMMER

Bill Hickok, you gone hide or ride?  
(laughs)

What's the matter, Bill? You scairt  
of a man can't even get up out his  
chair to face you?

Bill stands there, clearly perplexed as to what he should  
do...

CHARLEY

(to Will Plummer)

He can't shoot ya on his wedding day.

WILL PLUMMER

He ain't gonna have a wedding, unless  
it's already happened.

Will Plummer swings the shotgun again, and pulls the  
trigger, BLASTING a hole in the hotel window. Bill and  
Charley turn, look at the window, and then walk calmly back  
into the hotel. As they go, Will Plummer FIRES ANOTHER  
SHOT, this one taking off some of the wood shingles near the  
door.

WILL PLUMMER

(shouting)

You running, Bill? The famous Bill  
Hickok, ascairt of a cripple? Or are  
you in there molestin' animals?

29

INT. HOTEL - SALOON - CHEYENNE - DAY

29

\*

Bill and Charley stand at the broken window, looking out, while Will Plummer breaks the shotgun and reloads.

WILL PLUMMER

Is it that horse you love, or is it back to chickens? I'd pay to see the offspring -- you and some damn chicken...

There is a movement at the stairs, and Charley turns and sees Agnes at the top of the stairwell, looking down, waiting, still in her wedding dress...

AGNES

Do something, Bill. I don't want you or me to be humiliated on our wedding day -- Especially by some ignorant loud-mouth sitting in the middle of the street.

Bill gives her a look, but she turns away and disappears back into the corridor leading to her room.

30

EXT. STREET - CHEYENNE - DAY

30

Charley steps out of the hotel, aggravated, and stares at Will Plummer, who is still throwing insults into the air.

WILL PLUMMER

I'm surprised you ain't been peeder-stung, Wild Bill, trying to fornicate with bees...

CHARLEY

Hold it just a damn minute, will ya?

WILL PLUMMER

Who the hell are you?

Charley ignores the question.

CHARLEY

Wild Bill is acceptin' your challenge. And he's gone to some trouble to make things even --

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

Charley turns back to the hotel -- TWO BURLY MEN emerge dragging a chair. Bill Hickok is sitting in the chair, his bare feet tied to its legs, a rope is wrapped around his waist and the chair back. Bill's gun and holster lie across his lap. The two men place the chair to the middle of the street and then square it, so that Bill and Will Plummer are face to face... Charley and the two men then retreat into the hotel saloon to wait.

\*

31

INT. HOTEL SALOON - CHEYENNE - DAY

31

\*

Charley stands to the rail as the BARTENDER approaches --

CHARLEY

I'll have a pink gin.

BARTENDER

You ain't gonna go outside?

CHARLEY

My friend doesn't really need my help. I generally stay in the bar when he gets involved in one of these affairs --

BARTENDER

You boys dress for a fight, I'll say that.

32

EXT. STREET - CHEYENNE - DAY

32

BILL AND WILL PLUMMER each sit in the middle of the street, staring each other down -- As Bill watches him, Will Plummer goes IN AND OUT OF FOCUS...

BILL

You must be drunk or gone crazy, Will -- You got any sense left you'll head on home --

WILL PLUMMER

You ain't gonna get off that easy. You kilt my brother, made me a cripple --

Will Plummer brings his shotgun up -- FIRES twice, the force of each shot rolling the wheelchair backwards a few feet. Bill pulls his pistols, unconcerned about the buckshot aimed his direction, and sights down the right hand barrel --

33

INT. HOTEL SALOON - CHEYENNE - DAY

33

\*

SHOTS are heard, then all goes quiet.

BARTENDER

Ain't you gonna go outside?

CHARLEY

He'll be in directly.

Charley looks toward the door, and at that moment a YOUNG MAN sticks his head inside the bat-wing doors, spots Charley, and takes a step into the room --

YOUNG MAN

Mister?

Charley looks at the young man, afraid that something terrible has happened.

YOUNG MAN

Wild Bill tol' me to come ask you if you would mind to get the lead out of your ass, sir, and help untie him.

33

EXT. STREET - CHEYENNE - DAY

34

CHARLEY steps out of the saloon and sees that WILL PLUMMER is lying in the street, shot dead. BILL is also lying in the street, on his back where the force of the recoil has blown him, still tied to the chair... He's working on the knots, having no luck at all.

BILL

You going to stand there, or you gonna get me out this damn chair?

Charley bends over and rights the chair, then pulls his knife and cuts through the rope wrapped around Bill and the chair back. Hickok stands and begins beating the dust off his wedding suit.

CHARLEY

I hate to criticize, Bill, but this lacks dignity.

Agnes emerges from the hotel in her bridal outfit -- stands on the boardwalk -- She and Bill look at each other a moment, then, arm in arm they move off toward the church. Charley follows carrying Bill's shoes --

35

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CHEYENNE - NIGHT

35

A BAND IS PLAYING, people are dancing, drinking, making a lot of noise. BILL is dancing with VARIOUS WOMEN who tap shoulders and cut in. He's the star on this wedding night -- They all want a moment with the great man...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from Bill to a table where CHARLEY AND AGNES are quietly watching. A mangled wedding cake sits on the table, along with a slew of half-empty glasses and bottles. Agnes stares at Bill, not terribly happy with the way all this is going --

AGNES

You'll have to come visit us sometime, Charley. Bill's going to be lonely for his old friends.

CHARLEY

That's mighty kind of you, Agnes. I've always wanted to pay a visit to Cincinnati.

AGNES

I doubt that, Charley. But it's not so bad that you couldn't stand it for a week or so --

Charley looks at her, smiles. Across the way Bill continues to dance --

AGNES

Somehow, he doesn't seem the same lately -- I expect life's weighed on him, like anybody else.

CHARLEY

He never met a person that didn't already have an opinion of him. Bein' famous wears you down --

She looks at him, wanting something more direct.

AGNES

Do we look good together, Charley?

They both turn back to watch Bill.

CHARLEY

Perfect. You two look perfect.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

She moves out onto the floor -- Bill sees her approach, breaks off with his partner and gives her a bow. They begin to waltz -- All gather round to watch the sight of this handsome couple as they gracefully glide about the ballroom.

36

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHEYENNE - DAY

36

BILL AND AGNES are asleep in their bed, her arm across his chest. His clothes, her wedding dress are laid across chairs. An open bottle of champagne, two half-finished glasses on the table. There is a NOISE outside the door, a LIGHT TAPPING. Bill's eyes come open, blood-shot and squinting against the morning light coming through the window. He moves Agnes' arm off his chest, careful not to wake her, and gets out of bed. Bill looks at the room for a moment -- it goes IN AND OUT OF FOCUS -- and then opens the door and steps into the hall.

Bill comes back holding a piece of paper. Agnes has not moved much, but she is watching him now, her eyes wide open. Bill sits down, picks up the champagne glass, drains it, then uses it as a magnifying glass to read the paper --

AGNES

Bill?

He shakes his head, stands, picks up the open champagne bottle and walks out the door and across the hallway toward Charley's room.

37

INT. CHARLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

37

CHARLEY opens one eye as Bill walks in -- sits down on a chair and drinks from the bottle, then holds up the paper --

BILL

Says here the community don't want  
our element shootin' up the streets.

Charley sits up, rubbing his hands over his face.

CHARLEY

What element do they want?

Bill takes a pull from the champagne bottle --

(CONTINUED)



BILL

You know, when I had that trouble yesterday with the fella in the wheelchair -- For a little while, I could see again. Everything... I knew a man once, lost his leg in the war and still felt pain in his foot. He went crazy because there was nothing there to cuss.

The men are quiet.

BILL

I think maybe I got reprieved, Charley.

Charley takes the petition from Bill, looks it over.

CHARLEY

We, the undersigned, hereby and forthwith...Cheyenne, Wyoming... A hundred and forty-two signatures -- You're runnin' out of towns, Bill...

BILL

They even let the women sign.

Through the open door, Agnes can be seen across the way -- getting out of bed, putting on a robe, walking out into the hall, stopping outside Charley's open door --

BILL

It's the paper collars taking over the country. They had their way, they'd put me in a cage.

Bill walks to the window and looks out -- takes another long swig from the bottle.

CHARLEY

We could always shoot a hundred forty-two people on the way out of town.

BILL

It ain't the leaving I mind so much as the insult.

Agnes watches from the door, waiting to be noticed. She clears her throat -- Charley turns, catches her eye...

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

AGNES

Bill and I will be on our way out of  
here and head back to Cincinnati  
tomorrow.

Bill turns and stares at her -- then he and Charley exchange  
looks...

BILL

You'll excuse us, Charley. Agnes and  
me got to have a talk.

He crosses the room, takes Agnes' arm, closes the door  
behind them. Charley takes a pull from the champagne bottle  
Bill has left behind --

38

INT. HOTEL SALOON - CHEYENNE - DAY

38

\*

JACK MCCALL, a scruffy young man of about twenty three,  
approaches the rail -- McCall doesn't wear a gun -- There's  
something shy and sweet about his smile...

\*

MCCALL

Excuse me?

The Bartender doesn't bother looking up from his newspaper.  
McCall takes off his hat, holds it in front of his belt  
buckle...

\*

BARTENDER

You lookin' for a room or a drink?

\*

MCCALL

Ain't lookin' for either one -- Is  
Bill Hickok someplace about?

\*

BARTENDER

Mr. and Mrs. Hickok checked out about  
noon today.

\*

MCCALL

I'm a friend. You know where they  
went?

BARTENDER

She started on to Cincinnati...  
Bill's gone to Deadwood.

\*

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

MCCALL

How's he travelin'?

\*

BARTENDER

He and Charley Utter hooked up with a wagon train -- you take the noon stage, you'll be there a week before him --

\*

MCCALL

Much obliged.

39

EXT. ROAD BETWEEN CHEYENNE AND THE BLACK HILLS - DAY

39

A STAGECOACH with six-up moves along, kicking up plumes of dust -- a tiny dot on the vast horizon. The land is rolling and huge, and in the distance, rising up are the Black Hills...

\*

\*

40

INT. STAGE COACH - DAY

40

JACK MCCALL inside the stage, seemingly asleep -- He looks across at a traveling business type, who is asleep -- his head moving with the pitch and roll of the coach. As McCall watches, an UPSTAIRS GIRL is slipping her hand into the BUSINESSMAN'S pocket, meaning to steal his money. She stops suddenly, feeling McCall's eyes on her, looks at him, almost for permission. He just watches. And smiles. She pulls out her hand with some bills from the Businessman's pocket, and smiles back. Then sticks the greenbacks in her blouse...

\*

41

EXT. DEADWOOD - DAKOTA TERRITORY - DAY

41

The gold rush town stretches along for a half-mile of densely crowded dark and rough-hewn buildings -- A riot of signs, mud, horses, wagons, pedestrians... Behind the town, tents, a few wood-frame shacks -- Beyond are the mountains that define the place, covered with thousands of dead trees, their charred trunks lying across each other...

SUPER: DEADWOOD - 1876

42

EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - DAY

42

Charley and Bill walk toward the Badlands -- People stare at Hickok as he passes in the street, turn to watch, knowing who he is...

CHARLEY

\*

I thought Agnes was set on you goin' to Cincinnati -- She ends up givin' you money for a grubstake.

BILL

\*

Women have always been kind to me -- I can't explain it.

As Charley checks out the town --

\*

CHARLEY

It's like something out of the Bible.

The roadway they are walking on is pure mud. Planks are laid across to cross from one side to the other. Bill and Charley move through it, oblivious. In this part of town, the newly-built businesses are more substantial, and have a permanent feel. Carpenters are sawing wood, buildings are being erected. They now move through CHINATOWN, where the faces are Oriental. Charley has an interest in this culture, and stares at the women and children and then at a shop with a line of cooked chickens hanging outside on a line, upside down...

Beyond Chinatown are the BADLANDS. There are bars and gambling clubs everywhere, ROUGHS AND WHORES AND GAMBLERS in the doorways, many of them now watching Bill and Charley negotiate the mud road. Most of them are drinking something. Some of the prostitutes stand in the window, close to naked, waving at them --

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

BILL

What part of the Bible?.

Charley looks around.

CHARLEY

The part right before God gets angry.

Close by A STEAM TRACTOR hauls a cage full of prisoners away in a CELL WITH WHEELS. This is a daily occurrence. The malfeasors are taken out past the city limits and dumped. Their sidearms confiscated and not returned. The Steam Tractor is at FULL ROAR -- highly disturbing to the tethered horses and mules.

43

EXT. WINDOW - MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - DEADWOOD - DAY

43

The face of CALAMITY JANE appears, as usual she's dressed in a sexy-mannish way -- Behind her the joint is alive; FRONTIER TYPES drinking, talking, playing cards, dancing up a storm. CALIFORNIA JOE steps up next to her -- He's a rough looking frontiersman, red beard streaked with grey; a legendary scout, hunter, pathfinder...

44

HER P.O.V. - THRU WINDOW - HICKOK - CHARLEY

44

Bill and Charley continue to walk down the muddy avenue; they pick their way through the tree stumps and boulders...

45

EXT. WINDOW - THRU GLASS - JANE

45

She smiles, suddenly turns back to the room, grabs Joe's pistol from its holster and FIRES into the air.

JANE

He's here! Get 'er goin', boys!

46

INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - DEADWOOD - DAY

46

Attempted elegance laid over the obvious crude, clapboard structure --

An upstairs for assignations.

PLAYER PIANO, long bar, tables and chairs --

BILL AND CHARLEY enter through the swinging doors -- There is immediate CHEERING from the bar crowd. Bill kisses Jane, embraces California Joe, then becomes enmeshed, acknowledging the welcome of his admirers and old friends -- Shaking hands... Slapping backs... Accepting drinks...

47

AT THE BAR - JACK MCCALL

47

He's looking at Bill through the crowd --

MCCALL

That's Hickok?

CALIFORNIA JOE

Buy you a drink?

MCCALL

Sure --

California Joe flags down the barkeep -- McCall moves to Hickok...

MCCALL

Wild Bill...

Bill is talking to a circle of old friends and admirers --

MCCALL

Wild Bill, I'm talkin' to you --

Bill turns at the insistent tone of McCall's voice --

MCCALL

You better look out when you walk down the street in this town -- I come here to kill you...

A sudden HUSH in the bar.

CHARLEY

He ain't wearin' a gun, Bill.

Continued quiet -- Jane moves very close to McCall.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

The Man that kills Wild Bill is gonna be awful famous. You don't look to me like you got the shoulders for it --

Bill takes a shot glass from a nearby patron, downs it.

BILL

(level)

When you have to shoot a man -- then shoot him in the guts. It'll paralyze his brain and arm -- the fight's good as over.

MCCALL

(smile)

Sounds like real good advice, Wild Bill.

BILL

Joe -- throw this fella out.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Why don't ya kill the little snot-nose -- At least rough him up some...

BILL

(shrugs)

He's just a dumb-ass kid.

Joe grabs Jack by the back of the neck, jerks him off his feet KICKING AND SCREAMING -- The crowd now LAUGHING at Jack as Joe tosses him out through the saloon doors. The PIANO strikes up again and the saloon goes back to a crazy pace --

JANE

How ya been, Bill?

BILL

Middlin'. Just middlin'.

JANE

Ain't seen ya in two maybe three years.

BILL

I'm still here. How you been?

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

JANE

I'm still here, too. Lotsa towns.  
Lotsa camps.

BILL

Good to see ya, Jane. I like seein'  
old friends.

JANE

You can see me about as much as you  
want -- I guess that's always been  
the case, ain't it -- I'm a little  
too available.

BILL

I got to be available too. Awful lot  
a people want a piece of Wild Bill --  
Let's have us a drink and a card  
game...

They move off --

48

INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - NIGHT

48

Most of the patrons have long since vanished. CHARLEY, JANE  
and BILL play poker alone at a small table. CALIFORNIA JOE  
is at the rail, eating pickles, nursing a whiskey... The  
Bartender, CARL MANN, leans close to Joe --

CARL MANN

You were talkin' about Dave  
McCandless?

Joe looks across to Hickok at the poker table --

CALIFORNIA JOE

You was sayin' of McCandless, Bill?

JANE

He wasn't sayin' a Goddamn thing  
about him, you're the one keeps  
nosin' that around, along with Dave  
Tutt and how he took Bill's watch,  
and them soldiers that beat him half  
to death in Hays City...

(CONTINUED)



48

CONTINUED:

48

BILL

I wish all of you'd talk about  
somebody that deserves to have his  
ass elevated... McCandless had his  
reasons. I had mine.

JANE

It was a woman. I know that.

BILL

He shot first, McCandless, and it was  
a dud shot. He didn't get a second  
chance.

CARL MANN

Was it really seven died in the  
McCandless fight?

BILL

I'm damned if I can remember -- but  
I'll tell ya about McCandless, I  
ventilated the son of a bitch.

Joe leans forward to the Barkeep.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Bill didn't have no reputation before  
that fight -- just drove freight  
wagons to make a living.

\*

He has told the story many times.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Happened at Rock Creek Station --  
Bill was much taken with a woman  
kept by the outlaw and horse thief,  
Dave McCandless... Sarah -- Her name  
was Sarah --

Drinks.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Anyway McCandless and his bunch, ten  
men in all, just the worst kind, they  
rode up lookin' to settle things --

Drinks again.

(CONTINUED)

## CALIFORNIA JOE

Inside the station, Bill seen there was an old buffler gun he wasn't sure would shoot, an axe and several knives -- McCandless yelled out, "We know you're in there, Hickok, and you breathed your last for messin' with my girl..."

## CARL MANN

Sarah --

## CALIFORNIA JOE

Right... So McCandless dismounted, walked to the porch in the sweltering heat with the flies buzzin' sayin', "You're gonna die, Bill." He reached, but Hickok was quicker and his one shot blew McCandless backward and bloody off the porch -- McCandless' men broke into a lather, come forward and rushed the house --

Pours another.

## CALIFORNIA JOE

Wild Bill was shot and cut bad when they laid on him, but he met them shootin', stabbing and shoutin' and hacking -- he kicked and bit and kneed them down, till the air was blue with smoke and the floor and walls was wet with blood. Ten men lay dead or dying at Bill's feet. Hickok's boots were fillin' from the blood of sixteen wounds on his own body -- He thanked God and walked outside into the blindin' light, took two sips from the dipper at the well before he fell over. That all happened on July 12, 1861. You can look it up.

Bill folds his cards, stands, heads for the door.

## HICKOK

I think it was maybe five killed --

Charley senses Bill's gone moody --

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

CHARLEY

You okay, Bill?

BILL

I'm fine, Charley. I just need some  
night air.

He moves out through the swinging doors --

49

EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

49

Bill walking down the main drag, working his way through the  
planks, mud, sections of boardwalk --

50

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

50

Bill rounds the corner, only to be confronted by THREE MEN  
hanging by their necks from a lynching tree.

51

CLOSE - BILL

51

As he glances up at the three men dangling overhead -- Bill  
stops near a grizzled BUFFALO HUNTER.

BUFFALO HUNTER

The young kid stole a horse --  
Somebody thought the Chinaman looked  
the wrong way at a white woman -- The  
Injun was here in town tradin' when  
we got the news about Custer.He spits. Bill gives the bodies another look and moves  
on...

52

INT. CHINESE SHADOW PUPPET THEATER - NIGHT

52

A few scattered SPECTATORS, drowsing to the SOUND OF GAMELIN  
MUSIC and watching the twitching puppets through half-closed  
eyes...

53 CLOSE PUPPET SCREEN

53

Weird, translucent figures take shape -- ghostly inhabitants of a world of shadows, bowing and dancing in the lamplight at the whim of a puppeteer, acting out the story of RAMA AND RAVANA to the music of the Chinese band -- bells, drums, and a xylophone.

54 CLOSE - BILL

54

sitting near the back, watching. His hat pulled down low, feet up on the empty chair in front of him. He is approached by a YOUNG CHINESE WOMAN who is called SONG LEW. She whispers in his ear for a moment, he raises his hand and hands her some PAPER MONEY -- She carefully inspects the greenback, then leads him to the staircase at the rear of the room --

55 INT. OPIUM DEN - ABOVE CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

55

A smoky, low-ceilinged room dimly lit by lanterns and sparsely furnished with cushions and mats, shabby mattresses, sway-backed cots -- The PATRONS are asleep with their eyes open, blinded by razor-sharp visions as they drag on BAMBOO PIPES, hold the fumes deep in their lungs, unwilling to let go -- A CHINESE WOMAN moves among the bodies -- She nurtures the flames in the oil lamps that heat the opium, empties the ashes of pipes gone dead, refills them with bliss --

56 BILL - SONG LEW

56

As they weave their way through the PROSTRATE SMOKERS -- a vacant cot is found for Bill -- He sits, hangs his hat on a peg, takes off his jacket -- puts his pistols within reach and is handed a pipe...

57 CLOSE - BILL

57

He takes a hit, smiles up at Song Lew, then leans back --

58 EXT. BUFFALO HUNTERS CAMP - THE GREAT PLAINS - NIGHT

58

A fire is low, just embers. SNOW covers the ground -- deep and unrelenting... There is a FULL MOON riding high over the glistening prairie. FOUR BUFFALO HUNTERS sleep around the remains of the fire... Stacked buffalo hides, huge .50 caliber rifles standing military style, forming a tripod...

59

HICKOK

59

The cry of a night bird -- Suddenly Bill's eyes open... He has been sleeping with his PISTOL in his hand. Near his head his BOWIE KNIFE is stuck in the ground, unsheathed. There is no sound save the SNORING of CALIFORNIA JOE. Hickok rises to one elbow. The moonlight is so bright that the whole landscape is lit up -- The snow reflects the moon and casts a silvery haze. Hickok stays very still, looking out toward the prairie... Something catches his eye. He freezes...

60

HIS P.O.V.

60

Two eyes gleam brightly in the moonlight. They are staring directly at Hickok.

61

A SILVER FOX

61

who sits in the snow and stares at Wild Bill with an almost human curiosity...

62

HICKOK

62

Bill eases his way out of his bedroll. The fox continues to sit and stare. Bill makes a tentative step toward the creature, and it springs up and trots off a little way. Bill, intrigued, moves off after it... Hickok stares off --

63

ACROSS THE CAMP SITE

63

As Bill approaches the fox -- It trots farther away... Bill begins to seriously pursue it -- The fox moves across the crusty snow leaving tiny prints. Bill after the fox in the best Indian-style, head bent, looking at the tracks in front of him... They lead past a little bush and disappear. The SOUND of a horse SNORTING... Hickok stares off, sees something beyond --

BILL

Joe.

CALIFORNIA JOE MILNER shifts again, and slowly comes awake.

BILL

Best ask 'em what they want.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

California Joe rises up on his elbow...  
Comes up with a sickly smile --

CALIFORNIA JOE  
Howdy. Just fixin' to have some  
coffee.

64

THEIR P.O.V.

64

PAN the perimeter of camp to discover FIFTEEN CHEYENNE on  
horseback. They stare expressionless, armed to the teeth --

CALIFORNIA JOE  
Dog Sojers... Cheyenne.

The Indians are covered with bizarre symbols. Each have a  
SINGLE FEATHER sewn under the skin of their cheeks, just  
under the right eye --

BILL  
This is Sioux country...

California Joe wants to placate the Cheyenne warriors  
looming over him --

CALIFORNIA JOE  
Coffee?  
(aside)  
Dog Sojers go where they want.  
(back to the Braves)  
Sugar? Got lots a sugar.

California Joe smiles and holds up some sugar.  
Hickok studies the Cheyenne in front of him as California  
Joe rattles on -- On his shield is the drawing of a four-  
footed animal with a long bushy tail. A dog?

CALIFORNIA JOE  
(in Cheyenne)  
My name's California Joe -- This  
here's Bill Hickok. Them's our  
skinner, Coke and Curly --

The LEAD INDIAN points at Hickok and says something in  
Cheyenne.

CALIFORNIA JOE  
He's interested in you.

(CONTINUED)

The Indian points to the pictures on his shield of the animal. Then to the ground where the tracks of the fox are along with the tracks of Hickok's moccasins.

CALIFORNIA JOE

I can't really understand... It's kinda hard. Sez, did you talk to the little dog?

Hickok doesn't react.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Don't make sense.

The Cheyenne speaks again and Joe answers back, asking another question.

CALIFORNIA JOE

He sez: Did the little dog tell you anything? Little Dog's their special medicine. Sacred. These Dog Sojers is the craziest ones in the whole Cheyenne nation --

Curly is slowly inching his SKINNING KNIFE out of his belt thinking that no-one is noticing; suddenly there is a SCREAM.

An arrow is now sticking through Curly's wrist --

The knife lies on the ground.

Curly is HOWLING with pain.

The Cheyenne who put the arrow through Curly's wrist is about to put a lance through his heart because of the horrible howling Curly is putting up.

In an instant, Hickok steps over to Curly and PUNCHES HIM -- knocking him unconscious, thereby saving his life as well as sparing him the pain of the wound for a time. Coke tends Curly's wound, begins removing the arrow -- Bill turns back to the Cheyenne...

BILL

Tell 'em the little dog spoke to me.

California Joe begins to translate.

BILL

Tell them that the little dog took me to a holy place. And then he disappeared. We went to the other world.

California Joe continues as the Cheyenne remain impassive --  
(CONTINUED)

3/17/94

44.

64

CONTINUED:

64

BILL

Tell them that the little dog told me  
I was blessed and that I would live a  
long life.

A long moment, finally the Lead Indian laughs, begins  
speaking to Joe...

CALIFORNIA JOE

He sez you're a damn fine liar --

The Lead Indian continues...

CALIFORNIA JOE

Says you saved yourself and your  
friends for today. But next time he  
sees you killin' buffler, takin'  
hides, he'll kill you.

More translation...

CALIFORNIA JOE

The little dog ain't what saved us.  
It's your lyin' did it. Little dog  
is good medicine for the Injun, bad  
for the whites.

The Cheyenne says something with extreme gravity, addressing  
Hickok directly.

BILL

What'd he say?

CALIFORNIA JOE

Sez we'll take that coffee and sugar  
now.

Hickok looks at Joe.  
He knows that's not what the man said --

65

ANGLE - TIME CUT

65

California Joe is handing out sacks of coffee and sugar to the  
Cheyenne --

CALIFORNIA JOE

All you want, boys -- Feel free.

(CONTINUED)



65

CONTINUED:

65

The Cheyenne take their booty, move away without another word -- walking their horses off into the night... Hickok stares after them as they vanish.

CALIFORNIA JOE

'Spect them Dog Sojers is gonna keep watch on us. They jes might keep the Sioux away.

BILL

What'd he say to you?

CALIFORNIA JOE

Can't really figger Injuns like that -- I'll send Coke an' Curly on to Omaha -- cash in our hides...

BILL

What'd he tell you, Joe?

Hickok turns to him -- no avoiding the question.

BILL

It wasn't about coffee.

Pause.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Said next time you see the Little Dog, you won't live to see another moon.

On Hickok's look, GO TO:

66

INT. OPIUM DEN - CHINATOWN - DEADWOOD - MORNING

66

BILL comes up gasping from his crib -- JANE is shaking him, pushing against his back. He grabs her hand in a vise grip.

JANE

Bill! You were talkin' in your sleep. Just like in Abilene when you had them spells -- You okay?

HICKOK'S WATCH lies on the small table next to his head -- TICKING LOUDLY --

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

JANE

I got a little worried. Nobody knew where you'd got to. Had a hell of a time findin' where you been --

BILL

Maybe I drank a little too much last night. Had too much on the Chinese pipe --

JANE

Tell me about what you were dreamin', Bill. It might be a foretellin'.

Still bleary -- He rubs his face, eyes...

BILL

Same dream I always have -- about me and California Joe -- Things we did when we come across some Injuns on a buffalo hunt, six, seven, years ago --

JANE

Bad things? Indians believe in dreams.

BILL

Wasn't a dream. It was all a fact.

He stands -- doesn't want to talk about it anymore.

BILL

Just give me some room, Jane. I got to clear my head.

He moves to a small window, looks out...

JANE

You ain't the same, Bill.

BILL

How's that?

JANE

You just got kinda different than before. I can tell --

Bill turns to her.

BILL

This town got a bath house?

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

She watches as he starts out past the other SLEEPING MEN in their cribs, CHINESE ATTENDANTS, SMOKERS --

67

INT. BATH HOUSE - DEADWOOD - DAY

67

Steam curls through the air -- Hickok in a huge wooden tub, within a room of huge wooden tubs. His clothes on a peg, his pistols within reach. His eyes are closed, seemingly asleep. With a HUGE SPLASH a head appears from underwater in the tub next to him. It's Jane.

JANE

You here, California Joe, Charley... Hell, it's like a damn reunion -- You can move all your gear into my room if you want. First room at the top of the stairs.

BILL

Maybe I better stay on out at the tent city.

JANE

What's the problem?

BILL

No problem. Just might be best if I stayed out to the tent city.

JANE

You got some new girl?

BILL

I got married. Back in Cheyenne.

This hits Jane like a body punch.

JANE

Who'd ya marry?

BILL

You don't know her.

JANE

God damn -- Who'd ya marry?

BILL

It don't matter. None of it. Don't pay it no attention --

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

JANE

I won't. You can bet on it.

She suddenly stands, grabs a towel. Bill is left alone with his thoughts...

68 INT. ROOM - GEM HOTEL - DAY

68

JACK MCCALL sits on his bed while the Upstairs Girl named LURLINE undresses behind him -- McCall stares at his hands, which are steady, then turns to the girl and puts his hands on her breasts.

MCCALL

What do you feel?

The girl stares at him.

MCCALL

Are they shaking?

She continues to stare at him, not getting it.

MCCALL

My hands. Are they shaking?

LURLINE

What's this, your first time?

MCCALL

I'm showin' you Wild Bill don't scare me none.

He looks at her in a way that is suddenly frightening -- then moves to the window, looks down at the street below...

69 JACK MCCALL'S P.O.V. - MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - DAY

69

\*

Bill and Charley entering the No. 10 saloon --

70 INT. ROOM - GEM HOTEL - AT WINDOW - DAY

70

Lurline moves close to McCall, stands at his shoulder...

LURLINE

You're the fella says he's gonna shoot Wild Bill, ain't ya?

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

He gives her his best smile --

LURLINE

How come?

MCCALL

I got personal reasons.

LURLINE

I know where your Mr. Wild Bill was last night. One of the Chinese girls told a girl that told me -- He went to Song Lew's and had himself a pipe.

MCCALL

That so? You tell your friend next time he goes there, tell me about it. I'll make it worth her while...

(smile)

Yours too.

71

INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - UPSTAIRS - JANE'S ROOM - DAY

71

Jane is going through an upright wardrobe -- pushing clothes aside, she finds a MAHOGANY BOX -- lifts it over to the bed, checks its contents, then, taking the box under one arm, exits the room --

72

INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - DEADWOOD - DAY

72

The BAR CROWD is full of life, now even rowdier, anticipating a hard night ahead filled with drinking, gambling and fornication. BILL, CALIFORNIA JOE and TWO OTHERS play cards --

CALIFORNIA JOE

I ought to shit in my hat rather'n play cards with Wild Bill. I can't even afford no supper now --

Hickok hands across some money -- JANE is coming down the stairwell at the rear of the saloon. Her look over toward Bill is none too friendly. He ignores her, concentrating on his cards...

BILL

Eat your fill.

(CONTINUED)

CALIFORNIA JOE

No thanks intended, Bill.

BILL

None received. I hate a poor loser.

The two Gamblers throw in their cards --

CALIFORNIA JOE

Dunno, Bill. Them's awful good hands of yours.

He and the other Card Players drift off -- JANE steps near, glances down at the table as Bill turns over a few more cards.

JANE

How's the married man?

Bill ignores the question.

BILL

What's this bottom card, a jack or a king?

JANE

A queen.

Bill gives it a squint.

BILL

Lucky them others folded. I was gonna bet two pair.

Bill tosses the cards on the table, disgusted -- Jane places the MAHOGANY BOX down in front of him --

JANE

You remember these, Bill? You gave 'em to me in Abilene.

He opens the box -- inside are a beautifully matched set of .44 DRAGOON PISTOLS --

BILL

I remember. Gave 'em to ya just before I pushed on.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Kind of a good-bye present. You told me to shoot anyone that put his hand down my skirt without permission.

Bill lifts one of the pistols, checks the load, gives the cylinder a spin, ears back the hammer then sets it back to full rest --

BILL

I ought to know better, givin' a woman a gun. They all got too much to get even for...

JANE

I'm givin' 'em back to you. It's a weddin' gift.

BILL

You don't want to do that. Givin' presents back is bad luck.

He shakes the slugs out of the cylinder --

BILL

How long before you put in a fresh load?

JANE

I dunno. Maybe six months.

BILL

You wanta be a little more careful than that. Your powder can go bad, get damp, any old damn thing...

He begins to feed new slugs into the cylinder, pulling them from his pocket. CHARLEY enters, looks around, spots Bill --

CHARLEY

Bill, the kid that was in here yesterday -- I heard he's been causing a hoo-haw -- Killed a dog after he put your name around its neck. Sign said, "Wild Bill."

Bill shuffles the deck.

BILL

You shoulda shot him --

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY

I figured you'd wanta handle it.

BILL

I'm playing cards. Just bring me the bottle there, would you?

One of the SALOON GIRLS brings a bottle over to Hickok -- Charley shrugs and moves to the bar...

JANE

Ya know your great name and reputation ain't gettin' better, with you forever sittin' in saloons, half-drunk, playing poker --

BILL

It's how I make my livin' now days. I ain't fit for other kinds of work...

JANE

That's what it's come to, right Bill?

BILL

(mean)

What business is it of yours, anyways?

Across the way California Joe is conducting a smiling conversation with a SALOON GIRL --

JANE

Sounds to me like maybe this kid's gonna back shoot you -- Not that I'll give a damn. I better pick you a spot in the bone yard -- It's better to forget you than regret you.

BILL

Don't talk cheap...

(to Joe)

Joe?

California Joe looks over from the bar --

BILL

I had a dream last night Joe... Dreamed about when you and me ran into all them damn Cheyenne Indians --

(CONTINUED)



72

CONTINUED:

72

Bill snaps open the cylinder of the second pistol...

BILL

You better find this kid, bring 'im  
to me -- I think he's done the limit  
'cause he's gone and scared Miss  
Jane --

Joe moves off somewhat reluctantly... Bill has now finished  
loading the second Dragoon Pistol with fresh slugs. He  
places it back in the mahogany box, closes the lid -- Jane  
stands --

JANE

Since you wont' take these damn  
pistols back, maybe I'll find a use  
for 'em. I could save that kid a lot  
of trouble and shoot you myself.

She grabs up the box...

BILL

(smile)

Aw, Miss Jane.

Jane starts away, stops looks back --

JANE

You're a real son of a bitch, Bill.

BILL

I expect I am.

JANE

I feel sorry for the woman that  
married ya.

BILL

I expect you should.

As she starts up the stairwell carrying the box -- Bill  
shuffles the cards...

73

EXT. TENT CITY - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

73

A motley collection of covered wagons, tents, lean-to's -- Several bonfires; vagrants, miners, roughs, drunks... A lantern has been set up on a rude wooden table -- Hickok is still enmeshed in his perpetual card game with Jane, Charley and SEVERAL OTHERS...

CHARLEY

Damn the eyes from the one jack that  
now rests yonder in the discard --

JANE

Twenty dollars -- Never a jack  
visited in that hand, Charley --

BILL

I think he took a pot, while back.

CHARLEY

Nothin' prettier than lookin' at a  
straight flush --

BILL

There's the sight of a lady friend  
climbin' back into her undies...  
Twenty eagles --

Bill shows his hand; amazement around the table at the  
quality of his holdings -- He rakes the money in.  
CALIFORNIA JOE appears across the bonfire, pulling JACK  
MCCALL by a rope, his hands tied...

BILL

Well look what we got here, I'd stick  
'em in the manure bin if I was you,  
Joe...

CALIFORNIA JOE

(to Bill)

You said bring him. I bringed him.

Bill shuffles and deals -- doesn't seem to much notice Joe  
and McCall...

BILL

You want to take him around back and  
shoot him, I'd vote you justifiable.

JANE

(disgusted)

Deal me out.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Just sit your ass.

JANE

The man is a perfect gentleman.

Hickok now stands, moves around the fire -- He and Jack regard each other.

CALIFORNIA JOE

He's been makin' all kinds of trouble, Bill -- Skunk stuff, all of it -- insulted some ladies. Broke some china to the store over there. Killed a dog...

Bill hands California Joe some money.

BILL

Here, you see to the damage.

Looks back to McCall.

BILL

What name you go by?

MCCALL

Jack McCall.

BILL

Well, Jack, I hear you been misbehavin' -- Charley, cut his ropes -- Jane, bring the poor bastard some whiskey.

Jane pours McCall a drink -- Charley cuts the ropes with his belt knife -- The crowd that has gathered is puzzled, they can't believe Hickok hasn't killed the punk.

BILL

Now what's the problem between me and you?

McCall stares at Hickok.

MCCALL

I don't like the way you treated my ma --

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I knew it. It was some damn woman --  
It's always some damn woman...

BILL

Who was she?

MCCALL

She was a lady who helped and loved  
you some and after you done whatever,  
then you left her... She kept track  
of you. She had lots of stories from  
newspapers and all them dime novels.

Hickok walks a few steps away -- turns his back -- He seems  
distracted, almost bored in his conversation with McCall...

MCCALL

I told her she should write you and  
she said you wouldn't answer no  
letter --

BILL

Never had much time for letters.

MCCALL

So I come to find you myself --

Charley decides to try his hand with this strange kid, he  
approaches Jack McCall with a confidential but friendly  
manner...

CHARLEY

Could be that Wild Bill made a few  
mistakes here and there over the  
years, that's natural, but past is  
past. We could all have a drink,  
forget the whole thing...

BILL

Shut up, Charley.

MCCALL

I planned killin' you from the time I  
found out the man ruined my mother  
was a great hero to the country.

Bill turns back to McCall.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

I'm gonna give you a chance in life,  
Jack... I don't want to kill anybody  
so young and confused about things --

(to California Joe)

Joe, you get him a horse, would you?  
Put him on it, point him East.

JOE

Yup. East is where fellas like him  
oughta live. But my recommendation  
is still to kill 'im --

Bill walks back close to McCall.

BILL

Who the hell was your ma, anyway?

MCCALL

A decent lady, Miss Susannah Moore...

Hickok moves into a quick rage -- suddenly KNOCKS MCCALL  
FLAT with a backhand punch -- pulls both pistols... Jane  
jumps in between --

JANE

Bill, in the name of God! He hasn't  
even got a gun!

Bill suddenly puts his hand to his eyes, obviously in great  
pain --

JANE

Better take a drink, Bill. It'll  
probably help ya some...

Bill regains his composure, moves over to a wagon -- leans  
against it to nurse his eyes -- California Joe crosses,  
stares down at Jack on the ground.

CALIFORNIA JOE

I figure you're some kind of mental  
retardate. Ain't never right to  
shoot one of 'em.

BILL

I remember Susannah Moore. And I  
remember she had some shit-ass kid  
out back when I first met her...

(CONTINUED)

Jane pours him another whiskey -- He ignores the glass, takes the bottle, drinks --

BILL

I liked your ma. A good and fine woman. Awful purdy. Loyal to the Union. You just apologize and get along.

Jack gets back up -- He has a DEEP CUT over one eye -- Bill goes back to the card table. Sits and shuffles the deck...

MCCALL

This here's been a real pleasure, Mr. Hickok.

BILL

Not a word to your mom. I don't want to cause her no trouble.

MCCALL

She's dead six months now.

Hickok looks up from the cards. His face glows in the firelight...

BILL

I didn't know that. I'm sorry.

MCCALL

She's dead six months and I been on your trail ever since.

Jack McCall WALKS AWAY, Hickok again shuffles the deck. He's obviously been affected by the news of Susannah Moore's death, showing a deep remorse... California Joe starts to roll a cigarette.

CALIFORNIA JOE

You okay, Bill? I mean about this kid?

Bill shakes his head --

BILL

Had that dream last night, Joe. About them Cheyenne --

CALIFORNIA JOE

You dream about the little dog?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Bill doesn't reply -- stands, walks off into the night --

74 THRU 78 OMITTED

\*

79 INT. ROOM - GEM HOTEL - DEADWOOD - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

79

JACK MCCALL is sitting in a chair, LURLINE the Upstairs Girl  
is tending to the cut over his eye.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

LURLINE

That ought take some stitches,  
Jack --

MCCALL

Go ahead. I ain't afraid --

LURLINE

That's what you get for actin'  
ornery. Everybody in town's heard  
how Wild Bill knocked you around --

She goes to the dresser, finds a needle and thread, and  
comes back and begins stitching. Frowning.

LURLINE

Hold still...

He leans back and allows her to stitch him up. The door is  
partially open and DONNIE LONIGAN appears -- He's about  
thirty-five -- hard as stone, wears a worn derby hat and a  
threadbare suit -- A perfect example of the Irish hooligan  
look... Next to him is a black man with shoulder length  
hair, this is JUBAL PICKETT -- a dangerous man, most  
dangerous when smiling...

\*

DONNIE LONIGAN

You're Jack McCall...

McCall jumps at the voice, winces at the resulting pain,  
then turns around and sees the two men in the doorway.  
McCall leans back and she resumes stitching.

\*

MCCALL

Whatever it is, I ain't interested.

DONNIE LONIGAN

I'm Donnie -- Donnie Lonigan --

MCCALL

Where you from, Donnie?

DONNIE LONIGAN

New York. Come out here to find  
gold. Had a bad run of luck.

MCCALL

Who's your friend?

\*

(CONTINUED)



79

CONTINUED:

79

PICKETT

Jubal Pickett. Pleased to meet ya.

MCCALL

And where you from, Mr. Pickett? I  
like to know the people I'm talkin'  
to --

PICKETT

Memphis. I'm a Tennessee man.

MCCALL

How can I help you, fellas?

DONNIE LONIGAN

We heard you're gonna be payin' to  
kill a man.

(CONTINUED)

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79

CONTINUED:

79

McCall stops her for a moment and looks at him.

MCCALL

You heard wrong.

Donnie Lonigan enters -- sits down on the bed, Pickett remains standing in the doorway.

DONNIE LONIGAN

You gonna do it yourself? All alone?

I doubt you ever even shot a fella --

McCall doesn't answer.

DONNIE LONIGAN

Bill Hickok, he'd be at least a thousand dollars --

There is a long, uncomfortable pause, and then Lurline goes back to her sewing --

DONNIE LONIGAN

I got three more fellas that work with me -- like to take chances for money.

MCCALL

I ain't there yet, Donnie. But you fellas stay in touch.

80

INT. BATH HOUSE - DEADWOOD - LATE MORNING

80

Bill is back in his tub, drinking from a bottle of pink gin, staring deep into the water. AN ATTENDANT is sitting near the stove. At that moment there is a knock at the door. Bill looks up as the door opens and AGNES LAKE steps inside. Agnes is stunning, dressed in black, and wearing large, clear-stoned earrings. Agnes looks over the room, spotting Bill through the rising steam in the tub...

AGNES

Bill?

Bill stares at her, a blur, absorbing the shock without outward signs. He takes a deep breath, manages a smile, and drops a little deeper into the water.

BILL

Agnes.

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED:

80

The Attendant is transfixed at Agnes Lake's beauty -- and at her earrings.

BILL

Why don't you leave us to ourselves,  
pard.

The Attendant leaves --

BILL

You should of wired you were  
coming... I could of at least met  
the stage.

Agnes stares at Bill, who smiles at her in an uncomfortable way.

AGNES

(looking around room)  
I just couldn't accept being  
separated... How is the prospecting  
going, Bill?

BILL

We ain't got started yet.

He reaches again for his bottle of pink --

AGNES

Somehow I'm not surprised -- I'm at  
the hotel, when you've finished.

She turns and leaves -- something cold in all this as the door closes on a quiet room...

81

INT. GRAND UNION HOTEL - DAY

81

Bill and Agnes are sitting at a table near the window in the hotel restaurant. He is fresh-shaved, dressed in clean clothes, formal, completely ill at ease.

AGNES

Are you dying, Bill? I have the  
feeling that you're not well -- not  
yourself...

Agnes watches him a moment without speaking, then seems to decide something --

(CONTINUED)

AGNES

Come with me back to Cincinnati --

BILL

I can't go back to some damn city in the east. I need room to breathe...

AGNES

(telling him the truth)

You need someone to watch over you. I've heard about this trouble with your eyes... Why won't you talk to me about it?

She arranges her napkin --

AGNES

Think of how it would look, if you died out here while we were separated, a day after we were married.

She waits for an answer; leans forward when none comes and touches his arm.

AGNES

Tell me what you want... I just don't understand what it is that you want -- I know I'm not at the center of it...

She looks around, then out the window.

AGNES

Tell me what's in this town that's so damn important...

BILL

It ain't the town -- Words don't cover it. There's things at work that don't have names.

She takes a deep breath, then turns back to stare at him --

AGNES

You could of thought of this before we got married.

A moment.

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

BILL

You're still one of the most  
beautiful women I ever saw, Agnes.  
But, somehow to me you're more  
beautiful from a distance than up  
close...

She closes her eyes, accepting the insult.

BILL

I only mean the timing's off for us  
right now... Charley was married  
once, did you know that? And Joe,  
he's married, got a wife back in  
St. Louis...

AGNES

(angry)

Charley and Joe don't have anything  
to do with it.

BILL

I just mean Charley and Joe and me --  
we ain't together by accident. We  
see things a similar way --

Agnes stares at him again, quietly furious...

BILL

Agnes, I can't be but one place at a  
time.

She slowly stands, drops her napkin on the table and walks  
out of the room. Bill follows her with his eyes -- then  
calls the WAITER -- who, like everyone else in the room has  
been focused on watching Agnes leave.

BILL

Whiskey.

WAITER

Yessir.

Bill studies his hands...

82

EXT. TENT CITY/INT. TENT - DEADWOOD - DAWN

82

Bill is shaving, face lathered, stares into a small mirror  
nailed to the tent pole -- Charley is sitting on a bunk,  
cleaning mud off his boots, bothered.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

I remember the day I first put my eyes on Agnes Lake... About seven years ago.

The razor continues to scrape --

BILL

She was beautiful -- she was rich -- she'd been to Europe...she didn't have a moustache... Woman-wise, she was everything a man could want...

Quiet while they think that over --

BILL

I wanted to be a thought in the back of her head wherever she was --

Bill shifts gears -- reaches for a towel...

BILL

Awful hard to figure out where the center of things is, Charley. Indians got that worked out, better'n we do. They can talk to the rocks an' trees and mountains --

CHARLEY

I know it ain't easy bein' Wild Bill...

BILL

Nothin's easy -- She'll be on the noon stage outta here, Charley. Do me a favor an see she gets off okay -- I am awful fond of her in a certain way...

AGNES LAKE is standing in the muddy street beside her luggage, waiting for the stage. CHARLEY is standing near her, wordless... A STAGECOACH pulls into the street, horses steaming, huge pieces of mud sticking to the wheels and then peeling off. Charley watches it come, trying to think of something to say. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY

It was good to see you, Agnes.

She puts a look on him that would wilt flowers -- The stage pulls to a stop. Doors open, a passenger gets out, the DRIVER jumps down. Agnes hands him her bag -- turns back to Charley...

AGNES

I regret the day I met Bill. I guess that goes for you too, Charley, seeing how close you two are. It's nothing against you personally --

She stares at him, and then her eyes begin to leak tears. She turns away from Charley and steps into the coach -- speaks to him through the coach window.

AGNES

I brought this for Bill. I forgot to give it to him yesterday in the confusion --

She hands Charley a large hat box with a string tied around it --

AGNES

I just bought it on a whim. Tell him I know he loves things that are wild and free...

CHARLEY

Maybe things will work out, Agnes. With you and Bill, maybe the timing's just off right now...

She looks at him a moment, then turns her head away. The Driver checks his watch and the street, then climbs up onto the box. As the stage pulls away, Charley follows a few steps --

CHARLEY

I'll see to it he writes you --

When the stage is gone, Charley walks slowly toward Mann's No. 10 Saloon -- PIANO MUSIC fills the air, along with the SOUND of laughter and drinking. He carries AGNES' GIFT for Bill at his side --

3/17/94

67.

84 INT. NO. 10 SALOON - DAY

84

Bill is alone at a card table, playing solitaire. Jane is at another table across the way also playing solitaire. She occasionally looks up to give Bill a withering glance -- Charley enters, crosses to Bill and places the box down in front of him.

CHARLEY

She got off fine, Bill. She told me to tell you a good-bye for now...

BILL

You're a good friend, Charley. I thank you.

CHARLEY

Agnes gave me this for you. It's a gift --

Bill eyes the package suspiciously --  
Jane calls out from her table --

JANE

I hope it's a damn bomb.

Bill shoots her an angry glance, then starts to slowly untie the string that fastens the top...

85 CLOSE - PACKAGE

85

As the lid comes off, Bill takes out a small cage with a BABY FOX inside --

86 CLOSE - BILL

86

As he looks at the fox -- knows he's now seen the "little dog"...

CHARLEY

Agnes said she knew you loved things that were wild and free.

Pause.

BILL

Take it, Charley. Take it outside of town and let it go...

(CONTINUED)



86

CONTINUED:

86

CHARLEY

You don't want to keep it?

BILL

No -- You just let it run free.

Charley senses this is not a moment to question Bill, he lifts the cage -- walks out. Bill sits to himself a moment, then stands and walks to Jane's table...

87

CLOSE - CARD TABLE - JANE

87

As Bill looms over...

JANE

What'sa matter, Wild Bill? Didn't you like your wife's nice little present?

BILL

Back off, Jane.

JANE

Feelin' sorry for yourself? That ain't like you --

He looks at her a moment, then turns and walks out -- She watches him go, then returns to her card game.

88

EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

88

\*

A HEAVY RAIN is falling -- BILL ambles along through a crowd of FRANTIC DRUNKS. People bump into him, offer him a drink -- They take him to be just as drunk as they are as they LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY...

88A

INT. DANCE HALL - THRU DOORWAY - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

88A

\*

A BAND on-stage sawing away -- The DANCERS loud, raucous -- Near pandemonium as they POUND the wooden floor and SCREAM...

88B EXT. BOARDWALK - BILL

88B \*

He stands looking in through the open door, very distant from the madcap joy within. After a moment, he moves on, stops at another open door two or three storefronts down...

88C INT. REVIVAL MEETING - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

88C \*

A small makeshift building has been converted into a church -- Rude wood benches and straight back chairs for pews. THE PREACHER stands above the packed crowd on a desktop, SHOUTING down scripture and holy thunder. THE PARISHONERS respond with arm-waving SHOUTS, some in tears, others in a kind of joy akin to ecstasy --

PREACHER

We are here, children...we are here tonight, to hear the truth! To hear what the Spirit says! Let us ask the question, Can two walk together, unless they be agreed? Will a lion roar in the desert, when it hath no prey? Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid? The Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?!

Suddenly, a WOMAN jerks her body toward the pulpit and cries out, inspired.

WOMAN

Yes, Jesus! Amen!

Suddenly a MAN bellows...

MAN

The truth! Tell it, yes sir!

The Preacher soars the congregants, his face contorted, sweat-drenched -- He focuses on Bill standing in the doorway as he continues --

PREACHER

God is saying, this is a rebellious people! They have turned away from the Word of God! They take pleasure in running after the sinful things of this world! It has been this way from the beginning! From the moment in the Garden of Eden when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit! Yea! A rebellious nation! A rebellious

(CONTINUED)

88C CONTINUED:

88C

## PREACHER (CONT'D)

people from the beginning! But the Lord will judge His people! Hallelujah! There will come a time when the Lord God of Israel will separate the righteous! Judgment will come to those who have rejected the truth! The Bible says that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Where sin is concerned man is insatiable -- hearts are trained for lust and greed! But, oh brothers and sisters, God is not mocked! Praise the Lord! The day of the Lord will come! The roar of the lion will be followed by the growl of an animal who has taken his prey! But, I tell you oh sinners, don't despair! Our God is merciful to those who call upon Him with a broken and contrite heart! Hallelujah! God will provide Himself a lamb! Praise God! You think you are lost! But Jesus said, "If any man come unto me I will in no way cast him out! Glory! Oh brothers and sisters, how I love the Lord! I love Him because He is able! Because He reached down and lifted me from the gutters of this world! When sin and suffering had me bound! He snatched me from the hands of the devil! He washed me in His precious blood! And I am here to testify that it is my determination to hold on! Hold on to that rock of my salvation! I was a slave to sin! But Satan can't touch me now! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

88D BILL - IN THE DOORWAY

88D \*

watching, water dripping from his Stetson as the RAIN pours around him -- He moves on...

89

INT. CHINESE SHADOW PUPPET THEATER

89

The Chinese Theater packed with spectators, some sleeping, some staring dully at the white screen where THE PUPPETS act out their ritualized dance. BILL heads up the narrow stairway at the back of the room, to the Opium Den upstairs...

90 INT. OPIUM DEN - BILL

90

SONG LEW greets him. In a moment Bill's stretched out on a mattress and dragging on a long-stemmed pipe -- He holds the smoke in his lungs for a long time before letting it SPIRAL OUT AND UP towards the ceiling...

91 INT. ROOM - BOARDING HOUSE - SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI - MORNING 91

SLOW PAN of the room and its contents.  
There is the SOUND of a loud tick-tick-ticking.  
A POCKET WATCH is resting on a bedside table --  
It reads nine o'clock.  
CAMERA MOVES over the watch revealing the occupants of the rumped bed.  
Clothes, tobacco, whiskey bottles and two people.  
The woman rolls over, her face falling into a shaft of morning sun coming through a chink in the window sash.  
She is extraordinarily pretty in a country way -- but the years, though few, have been hard. Despite her beauty, she has a tired, used look about her --  
Her name is SUSANNAH MOORE.  
The other figure stirs, rolls over.  
The face of a hillbilly: thin, foxy...  
This is DAVE TUTT.  
Tutt gropes for the watch, clamps it in his hand awkwardly. Perhaps it's his hangover, but there is something in the way he handles the watch that has about it an air of unfamiliarity --  
It's a railroader's watch, and the winding stem is at the three instead of the usual twelve on the dial.  
After fumbling with the watch for a second, he swings his legs over the side and gets shakily to his feet.  
Susannah is now fully awake.  
She lies there getting her eyes used to the light.  
Becomes aware of the ticking of the watch.  
Raises up on one elbow and looks over toward the other side of the bed --

SUSANNAH

Dave, where'd you get this watch?

Tutt is getting dressed --

DAVE

God damn it! How many times I tol' you not t'bother me about things --

SUSANNAH

I recognize it -- It's Bill's ain't it? Bill Hickok's watch...

(CONTINUED)

Susannah sits up in bed --

SUSANNAH

He never give it to you.

DAVE

Never said he did. Where in the hell  
is my suspenders --

SUSANNAH

Over there... You shore as hell  
never took it off'n him.

She gets up -- starts to pull on her underclothes...

DAVE

Never said I did. Can't find my...

SUSANNAH

Right here... Then how'd you git it?

DAVE

He pays up, he gits his watch.  
Thirty-five Yankee dollars.

Tutt is about through dressing.

Takes the watch, and puts it ostentatiously on his coat.

SUSANNAH

You walk around town wearin' that  
watch, he'll kill you.

Tutt turns and starts through the door.

SUSANNAH

Dave. It's me ain't it?

DAVE

You what?

SUSANNAH

The bad blood is on account of me.

He turns and walks out.

She comes to the door and watches him move down the  
corridor.

SUSANNAH

Dave?

92 INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR - BOARDING HOUSE 92

He continues on without turning back.

SUSANNAH

It's me ain't it? Ain't that so?

He doesn't seem to hear.

Starts down the stairwell.

Susannah runs a few paces into the hallway.

SUSANNAH

Dave! It's all 'cause of me! Me!

You hear? Ain't that so?

Tears run down her face.

93 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI - DAY 93

A three acre hog wallow. The pride of Springfield, an elm-shaded courthouse, stands across the way. A livery stable catty-corner to the doorway.

94 TOWN SQUARE - DAVE TUTT'S P.O.V. 94

From the doorway underneath a sign that reads "LYON'S HOUSE" Hickok's tall, SILHOUETTED FIGURE steps out...

95 DAVE TUTT 95

As he begins to walk along the perimeter of the square keeping the distant Hickok in view...

96 HICKOK - BOOTS 96

He stops midway and faces Dave Tutt who is about forty yards away across the square. Behind and a little to the left of Hickok, a CITIZEN peeks around a window frame for a view.

In the distance, at a very long Pistol shot, Dave Tutt turns, faces Hickok -- Dangling from his coat is Hickok's watch, FLASHING now and then in the sun. Without turning around, Hickok addresses the timorous Citizen --

BILL (V.O.)

Say pard, have you seen ole' Dave Tutt today?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

CITIZEN

I...m-m-m-me? I... Yes, I have.  
He's right across the way --

97 ON THE SQUARE

97

Dave Tutt walking forward --

DAVE

This ain't about no timepiece, Bill.  
You know it -- I know it...

98 HICKOK - HANDS

98

BILL (V.O.)

Tell me, friend -- is he wearing my  
watch?

Across the way, Dave Tutt raises the watch with his left  
hand -- right hand moving towards his gun... The Citizen is  
in such a sweat he can barely answer, but Hickok is no  
longer listening as he reaches for his own pistol --

CITIZEN

I...really couldn't see...

Bill levels down, FLAME leaps from his barrel --  
A tremendous EXPLOSION as it BLASTS!  
Dave Tutt FIRES in return.  
Stands with his smoking gun in his hand --  
Then pitches over into a wallow, face down...

99 SUSANNAH MOORE

99

standing, ashen-faced, across the way -- She stares at Bill  
for a moment, then starts for Tutt's body...

BILL (V.O.)

He called it. Whole damn thing  
didn't have to happen.

She doesn't look back -- bends over Tutt's corpse.



100 HICKOK - FROM BEHIND

100

An OLD TIMER has run up, breathless, with THE WATCH in his hand, hands it across to the still UNSEEN HICKOK...

Bill holds the watch to his ear. Though it is muddy and wet, it still works --

101 CLOSE - A YOUNG BOY

101

watching his mother cradling Tutt's dead body.

102 INT. SANITARIUM - OFFICE - MISSOURI - DAY

102

A combination office and reception room with barred windows, table to one side, faded sofa on the other. Behind the table sits a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN. Her small, colorless eyes stare unblinkingly at Bill...

BILL

Howdy, Ma'am -- I'm here about  
Susannah Moore.

WOMAN

There's no change --

She gets to her feet --

WOMAN

She has her screamin' fits now and  
then -- but most times she's no  
trouble.

She searches among a ring of brass keys dangling from her wide leather belt --

WOMAN

I really don't think she'd hurt a  
thing...

Takes one of the keys and unlocks a heavy door -- Bill follows...

103 INT. WARD - SANITARIUM - MISSOURI - DAY

103

A long, rectangular room, the walls white-washed, bare wood floor -- Off to one side Bill sees a sort of WOODEN CAGE about seven feet high and seven feet square -- a small opening in the framework through which food may be passed -- iron reinforcements and two iron bars, each secured by a heavy lock -- A YOUNG WOMAN in rags sits listlessly on the floor of the cage...

Beyond, bedsteads lining both walls -- on the pallets and around the room are WOMEN PATIENTS. They all have close-cropped hair -- all are slovenly dressed. A few of the faces are twisted maniacally; their arms HANDCUFFED to the bed frames --

WOMAN

Our women ain't very pretty, are they?

BILL

They look mostly hungry --

WOMAN

Probably are. We been on a diet of mush and molasses for months.

She halts at a heavily barred door at the end of the room -- reaches for another key at her waist, turns the lock...

WOMAN

She's in here...

Stands aside --

104 INT. SMALL ROOM - SANITARIUM - MISSOURI - DAY

104

Bill stands in the barren half light of the room, empty except for a cot. On it, huddled in a corner, is SUSANNAH MOORE. Her hair, like the others, is now close-cropped -- matted -- her gown is torn and dirty...

BILL

(kneeling, afraid to touch her)

Susannah...

She doesn't turn, doesn't move at all...

SUSANNAH

You shouldn't have come --

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

BILL

You got nothin' to be ashamed about  
-- The woman says you're...normal.  
That's what she said -- normal...

SUSANNAH

Am I?

BILL

You act right, they'll let ya out.  
I'll make 'em do it.

SUSANNAH

I'll get out of here. Don't worry  
about that. I just went through a  
bad time. I lost my husband. I lost  
you. I lost Dave...

Bill doesn't know what to say --

BILL

I'm sorry it's come to this. Sorry  
about what I done. I didn't think  
much of Dave -- but maybe I shouldn't  
of...

He trails off --

SUSANNAH

You go on your way -- I've got my  
boy. He'll take care of me -- I'll  
get out of here and my boy will take  
care of me and I'll take care of him.  
You just go on your way, Bill. Our  
time together is done.

Bill knows she's right -- He quietly rises and walks out...

105 INT. CHINESE PUPPET THEATER - DOWNSTAIRS - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

105

The door swings wide with a SLAM! JACK MCCALL looms into  
view, banging the closed door behind him. No one pays any  
attention except SONG LEW, who watches him closely from the  
back of the theater -- Jack moves down the aisle -- He peers  
at the faces in the audience, dim in the flickering lights...  
Jack stops by one of the drowers, lifts the hat from over  
his eyes to see his face. The DROWSER opens his eyes --  
drugged or drunken -- and tries to focus. Before he can,  
Jack drops the hat and moves on. Not the man he's after --

(CONTINUED)

- 105 CONTINUED: 105
- SONG LEW still by the stairs at the back hasn't missed any of this -- She turns, her eyes run up the stairs to the top. There, on a landing, a CHINESE MAN catches her glance and disappears through a doorway.
- 106 INT. OPIUM DEN - ABOVE CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT 106
- The Chinese Man comes to BILL, crouches beside him, calls to him in an urgent whisper --
- CHINESE MAN  
Wild Bill...Wild Bill.
- Bill doesn't answer -- doesn't hear him. He feels the pipe in his hand, takes a long drag -- His glazed eyes stare upward...
- 107 INT. THEATER BELOW - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 107
- Jack now approaches Song Lew -- whispers to her, she tries to twist away but he grabs her -- pulls her close, jamming the pistol against her head.
- 108 INT. OPIUM DEN - ABOVE CHINESE THEATER 108
- Jack pulls the resisting Song Lew into the smokey room, they move along among the cots and pads -- Jack searching the faces, gun held ready. Across the way HE SEES:
- 109 BILL - JACK'S P.O.V. 109
- lying nearly comatose across his cot -- The Chinese Man no longer in sight.
- 110 JACK 110
- looms into view over Bill, points his gun down at the seemingly helpless man's face. Bill's eyes are now closed; but with some sixth sense, even through the fog of opiates -- his eyes SNAP OPEN --
- MCCALL  
This is your time, Wild Bill.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Jack grins and ears back the hammer -- SUDDENLY BILL STRAIGHTENS and his own pistol is extended right into Jack's face. Bill's eyes are wild -- He's operating on reflex, not really sure if he's conscious or in some drug-dream world --

BILL

Make your move, Jack. We'll both go.

As Bill begins to laugh, after a moment so does Jack. Two laughing men with guns in each other's faces in the middle of an Opium Den. As their LAUGHS CRESCENDO, the farcical moment ends as the Chinese Man re-appears behind Jack, and COLD COCKS him with a mallet...

111 E.C.U. SONG LEW - BILL'S P.O.V.

111

As she leans over to see if he's okay -- she speaks to the CHINESE MAN in Cantonese --

SONG LEW

Throw him in the street! Keep his gun!

112 E.C.U. BILL - ON COT

112

Hearing her words in his mind's ear, Bill surrenders to the fumes that clog his brain -- He stares at the burning wick of a lamp as if the flames contained or consumed his dreams -- Bill's eyes dilate...and melt...

113 EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - THE FOLLOWING DAY

113

Noon. For the first time the normal boomtown crowds are absent -- virtually no one visible on the streets -- only a few horses and mules... A wagon crosses the distance, a lone pedestrian in the foreground. We hear THE SOUND of a distant PIANO playing a song of forced gaiety...

114 INT. GRUBSTAKE SALOON - DEADWOOD - DAY

114

\*

JACK MCCALL is sitting at a table in front of a stage. A piano is playing, a single DANCING GIRL is kicking her legs up over her head. Across the table are FIVE MEN with guns strapped to their legs: Donnie Lonigan, Jubal Pickett, Lew Scott, Crook Eye Clark and Bob Rainwater...

\*

(CONTINUED)

114

CONTINUED:

114

MCCALL

You know, Donnie, I've been thinking about you.

Donnie Lonigan sips from his shot glass.

MCCALL

I've been thinking that a man has to seize his opportunities where he finds them.

Donnie Lonigan nods, then he finishes his drink. It goes down hard -- as soon as the glass is empty, Jack McCall refills it.

MCCALL

(leans closer)

And you found yours right here in Deadwood. The most famous Gunfighter in the world...

DONNIE LONIGAN

I wanted to see him fight once first...

MCCALL

The trouble is, it ain't every day somebody comes along inclined to find Bill Hickok out. They come to do it, then have a look, change their minds and go back home to the farm.

Donnie Lonigan finishes another shot of whiskey. Jack McCall fills him back up.

PICKETT

He's gettin' old.

MCCALL

He is for a fact. But the sight of him in the street, sometimes it makes a young fella shake...

DONNIE LONIGAN

He don't make me shake

McCall holds out his hand and pretends to shake. Donnie Lonigan smiles at that and after a moment Jack McCall smiles with him.

DONNIE LONIGAN

How much money we talkin'?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

MCCALL

You called it before, Donnie, one thousand dollars.

Donnie Lonigan looks at the others.

DONNIE LONIGAN

We were lookin' for more.

MCCALL

Ain't got it.

Jack throws a poke of GOLD COINS on the table --

MCCALL

There she is. Two-fifty now. Two fifty when we meet tonight. Other half when it's done.

(smiles)

You want it or not?

PICKETT

His money looks awful good to me --

Donnie Lonigan again looks at the others -- then back to McCall.

DONNIE LONIGAN

You got yourself some help, Jack.

115 INT. OPIUM DEN - ABOVE CHINESE THEATER - DAY

115

BRIGHT LIGHT now streams in the partially boarded up windows, catching zillions of dust motes circling through the air. Not many DROWSERS in evidence as WE PAN ACROSS the long room, finding BILL huddled in a corner -- sitting on the floor in an almost bewilderingly BRIGHT SHAFT OF LIGHT, an old blanket pulled around him -- Unshaven, bleary, eyes rimmed with red, Bill seems a long distance from the fearless Gunfighter of renown. His unfocused reverie is broken by SONG LEW who approaches, squats, hands him a large bowl of broth. Bill is momentarily surprised by this act of charity -- As he takes the bowl in his hands they momentarily shake -- He controls the shaking, takes a loud sip... Song Lew remains sitting before him. She says something to him in CANTONESE --

BILL

I thank you for your kindness.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

She smiles. Bill takes another loud sip, then sets the bowl down.

\*

BILL

Maybe you can help me...

Song Lew smiles again.

SONG LEW

Wild Bill...

He gives a sad smile back --

BILL

Where the hell did things go wrong?  
This kid... Paper collars.  
Petitions. Trouble with my eyes...

Takes another sip of the broth -- then smiles at her.

BILL

You don't understand a word I'm  
sayin' do ya?

116 INT. ROOM - GEM HOTEL - DEADWOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

116

LURLINE watches as JACK MCCALL ties a DERRINGER PISTOL to his left forearm with coarse twine --

MCCALL

I still can't believe it -- I had  
him. I had him right there in front  
of me, all I had to do was pull the  
trigger.

LURLINE

You ask yourself why you didn't?

MCCALL

I dunno. Maybe I was enjoyin' the  
moment too much... Or maybe I ain't  
got the nerve.

Smiles at her.

MCCALL

Tie a knot right here, would ya? A  
bow knot or somethin' that'll slip  
easy if I need it --

(CONTINUED)



116 CONTINUED:

116

She cuts the twine with a pair of scissors and begins to tie a knot...

\*

MCCALL

I guess this is fare-thee-well  
between you and me. Come tonight  
I'll either see him dead and be on  
the run --

LURLINE

-- Or he'll kill you.

Jack buttons his sleeve over the now secured pistol.

MCCALL

What'cha think?

LURLINE

I dunno. He won't go easy.

He nods in agreement.

MCCALL

You take care. I liked our time  
here.

Lurline goes to the window, looks out on the street --

LURLINE

Tonight, I'll be watchin' -- I'll be  
watchin' when you and them others  
ride by.

MCCALL

You gonna be okay -- I mean after I'm  
gone --

LURLINE

I'm gonna be fine... I can tell  
everybody I knew somebody that was  
awful close to bein' famous.

McCall slips on his coat, walks out.

117 EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - LATE NIGHT

117

Nearly deserted as a freshly bathed, shaved and re-wardrobed WILD BILL comes down the boardwalk -- looking almost ghostly in the SOFT LANTERN LIGHT -- the SILENCE is eerie as he passes by, heading for the No. 10 Saloon... A YOUNG KID who has been waiting and watching comes out of the shadows and off through the mud and planking. Bill turns at THE SOUND, looks for a moment, then heads on for the No. 10...

\*

118 EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

118

The Young Boy comes around a corner, skids in the mud, runs toward a livery stable at the far end of the street.

119 INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - DEADWOOD - AFTER MIDNIGHT

119

CARL MANN is asleep on top of the bar with a buffalo robe thrown over him. JANE is napping at one of the card tables. No other patrons. FOOTSTEPS on the wooden porch outside. Hickok enters, dangerously tired --

BILL

Break a seal on the bottle there,  
would you, Carl --

Carl snaps to, Jane rouses herself --

CARL MANN

Surely, Bill -- Good to see ya.

JANE

Where you been, Bill? Thought maybe  
that kid scared you out of town.

Hickok pours himself a drink -- ignores her remark.

BILL

Carl, would you find that help of  
yours -- tell him to go across to  
this Jensen's barn and tell 'em to  
have a horse ready? I'm headin' out  
come dawn --

CARL MANN

I sent him off to fetch the Territory  
Marshal. When he gets here he'll  
take care of Mr. Jack McCall. Couple  
of months in jail, maybe send him  
back to Cheyenne -- put him in the  
nut house.

BILL

I make it a practice to solve my own  
problems, Carl -- Now tell somebody  
down at the stable to have my horse  
ready, and don't interfere none...

Carl dutifully moves out the swinging doors, leaving Bill and Jane quite alone.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

BILL

Where the hell did everybody go? Not a damn person out there on the street.

JANE

There's a new gold strike thirty miles west of here. A real gargantua. Whole town rushed off this mornin' --

BILL

You stayed?

JANE

Maybe I was worried about you, Bill.

BILL

Not damn likely.

He stays alone at the bar, not facing her -- She yawns, grabs a deck of cards, shuffles, begins to play solitaire...

JANE

Charley and Joe hung around too. None of 'em knew where you got off to -- If your lookin' for 'em, they're upstairs -- sleepin' in the flop room.

BILL

I had another bad dream with the Chinese pipe. Things are comin' back to haunt me --

JANE

I figured it was somethin' like that. You got to lay off that stuff, Bill. Stick with whiskey --

He snaps one down, pours another. She continues to play solitaire.

120 INT. LIVERY STABLE - NIGHT

120

The Young Boy is handed a coin by JACK MCCALL -- He stands there a moment, looking at it...

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

DONNIE LONIGAN

Get outta here.

The boy stares up at him a moment, sees the look on his face, then runs off. The rest of Donnie Lonigan's gang move up out of the stalls in back leading their mounts, as well as two more plugs for Jack and Donnie Lonigan.

\*

\*

MCCALL

Check your guns and saddle up --  
We're gonna go kill Wild Bill Hickok.

DONNIE LONIGAN

We ride on down to the No. 10 -- then  
we take the horses into Jensen's  
barn, across the road. I don't want  
anybody suspicious about five horses  
out front --

A HALF-WIT OSTLER pulls the big double doors open -- They  
ride out into Deadwood's good night.

121 EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

121

Jack McCall and the gang head for the No. 10 Saloon -- They  
turn the corner, move onto the main avenue.

122 EXT. WINDOW - GEM HOTEL - NIGHT

122

LURLINE leans out, watching the street below on this summer  
night.

123 HER P.O.V. - DEADWOOD - STREET - NIGHT

123

Jack and the gang ride by through the mud... The street  
remains deserted, no other traffic --

124 EXT. BOARDWALK - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

124

SONG LEW watching from the doorway of the Chinese Puppet  
Theater. No trace of emotion on her face as the horsemen  
pass by...

125

INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - NIGHT

125

Bill still standing alone at the bar -- Jane playing solitaire at the table across the way... He pours himself another whiskey, nurses it a moment --

BILL

I have to admit, there's somethin' about this kid that spooks me. Must be his Ma. She was a hell of a damn fine woman. She had real manners. She could talk good, drink, tear off a piece -- I had a lot of good times with Miss Susannah Moore.

Turns the glass.

BILL

I come back, she had took up with Dave Tutt. Just trash, Ol' Dave. She shouldn't have fallen so low... I killed him. She fell into a bad state...

Bill drinks, thoughtfully...

BILL

How long you an' me knowed each other?

She finishes her game, folds and stacks the deck.

JANE

Six years. Since Abilene. Off an' on for six years. Don't you remember?

BILL

It's just that after a while a lot of things swim together.

He sits opposite her at the card table, picks up the deck, begins to shuffle --

JANE

I been married once -- He was a railroad agent. It was before I met you.

BILL

You told me about all this before -- You said he was a gent.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

He built me a most fine house and we shared the same bed five years, and he was kind as deliverance. I nearly had children, two, in fact, but they come up stillborn --

She fingers her necklace.

JANE

I got married once -- And so did you.

BILL

Mine's over. Finished.

JANE

But you went and married -- I'd like us to be in love. Like you and Susannah Moore. She was the one, wasn't she? The one you loved most of all? That's why this kid's got hold of you --

He continues to shuffle the cards, then deals a hand of solitaire --

JANE

She was young and pretty and it was before you was the great Wild Bill and you loved her as close as you ever did anyone in an innocent way. Ain't that right?

Continues to finger her necklace.

JANE

That's the way I want you to feel about me --

BILL

Ain't it a sweet thought?

JANE

I think it's a very sweet and fine thought.

She stands, moves close behind him -- puts her arms around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

BILL

The pain in my eyes is bad, comes and goes, it's all I think about... Your little charm, it distracts me --

JANE

Well, listen to us talkin' about our pleasures...

BILL

As if they mattered a damn -- All this love-talk, I got a hard-on.

JANE

Hush, now, Bill. Don't fight it none.

Jane and Bill fall to making love in a wild scramble, guns dropping, buttons popping, skirts hurled in the air. He lifts her up on the bar top --

JANE

I love ya, Bill.

BILL

Right now I love ya, too, Jane, but maybe we better get on with it.

She rolls Bill over on top of her -- Suddenly, the SOUND OF A PISTOL COCK and a .44 is pushed up against Bill's head. He turns and sees JACK MCCALL'S smiling face as DONNIE LONIGAN and THE OTHERS come through the swinging doors with their guns drawn.

MCCALL

Move easy or I'll kill you both -- Now, get off her!

Hickok is still on top of Jane...

BILL

(helpless)

Aw, you inconsiderate bastard...

Donnie Lonigan grabs up Bill's pistols --

DONNIE LONIGAN

Kill him -- Lew, Bob, upstairs -- See if anybody's home.

Bob Rainwater and Lew Scott quickly move up the stairwell --  
(CONTINUED)



125

CONTINUED:

125

CLARK

Stomp his head first --

LEW SCOTT

I side with Donnie. Christmas, kill the bastard.

DONNIE LONIGAN

Do it.

MCCALL

I'm thinkin'.

BILL

Excuse me while I pull up my pants --

Hickok hops off the bar top and pulls them on while Jane sits up and begins to straighten herself --  
Bill takes a good look at Pickett --

BILL

Ungrateful son of a bitch. I almost got my ass shot off twenty times tryin' to free your type during the war.

PICKETT

(smile)

That was mighty white of you, Wild Bill.

Donnie Lonigan hears someone coming, positions himself as CARL MANN wanders back in.

CARL MANN

Bill -- Aw, shit...

Donnie Lonigan's gun against his neck, he raises his hands...

JANE

Would you mind avertin' your eyes?  
I'm a little exposed, here...

Donnie Lonigan looks at Carl...

DONNIE LONIGAN

Better kill him, too.

As Jane fastens up --

126 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 126

Rainwater and Scott KICKING open doors, checking rooms --  
all empty EXCEPT:

127 INT. FLOP ROOM - NIGHT 127

The door flies open -- Charley and Joe asleep -- Joe comes  
quickly to his senses, goes for his pistol on the night  
stand... Takes a BUTT STROKE across the face as Rainwater's  
gun is then jammed up against his teeth --

CALIFORNIA JOE

That all the damn harder you can hit?

Charley accepts his fate with quiet resignation. Joe's  
pistol is grabbed up --

127A EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - DAWN

127A \*

Sunrise. The street is utterly deserted as the HUGE ORANGE BALL rises in the east, painting the buildings gold in the first light of day.

128 INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - MORNING

128 \*

Bill, Charley, Joe and Jane seated at a card table -- surrounded by the gunmen -- Carl Mann is in his usual position behind the bar.

DONNIE LONIGAN

What are we waitin' for? I wanta be outta here before noon.

MCCALL

I told ya I wanna think things through. I kinda enjoy the great man bein' captured like he is...

DONNIE LONIGAN

You lose your nerve? We already been here three hours --

MCCALL

(to Bill)

Play cards. I need some time.

CHARLEY

I never touch a deck before noon.

Donnie Lonigan levels his pistol at Charley --

CHARLEY

Stud, or somethin' fancy, like around the may pole, maybe, face cards wild?

He picks up a deck --

JANE

That's a pussy game.

DONNIE LONIGAN

But you'll play it.

JANE

Sure, whatever you say -- We'll all play.

Charley deals.

Silence.

Everyone looks at their cards.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

BILL

(to Jack)

You reckon you gotta do this?

MCCALL

You deserted my ma and left her unacknowledged. Then you shot and killed the only man that could've made her happy.

BILL

Your ma always knew I might have to leave -- She enjoyed our little time together, just like I did.

JANE

That's the way it is with men and women -- Lots of times the men just take their pleasure and move on...

CHARLEY

I'll pay to see.

Tosses in money.

JANE

You don't have to send me a telegram --

Folds. Bill shows his cards, rakes in the pot --

JANE

I want to go do my toilette, s'i vous plait.

She rises. Jack grabs her wrist.

MCCALL

I don't like you.

JANE

And I don't much care.

MCCALL

Sit back down.

JANE

Bill?

BILL

You kin sit a minute.

(CONTINUED)

128

CONTINUED:

128

JANE

Deal me in, boys.

She and Jack both sit --

CHARLEY

What if I convince Bill to let you go?

MCCALL

He's the one captured here.

CHARLEY

I mean, erase the shadow he's cast over you. Apologize.

BILL

Go drown in crap, Charley.

MCCALL

(to Jane, about Charley)

Is he crazy?

JANE

He's a little circular, but harmless.

Charley stands, moves about the room --

CHARLEY

Every time there's a death out here, it drags down the morale --

BILL

Is it a college education that makes you drivell on so, Charley?

Charley ignores Bill, keeps on talking to Jack --

CHARLEY

Jack -- with luck and rough cunning, you've got maybe forty years to rid yourself of Wild Bill and learn the virtue of simple things: fall in love with some pretty girl, learn how to cultivate your talents --

BILL

Or is it just bein' from New York?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

CHARLEY

Come on, Bill. You can let this kid go. Apologize for wrongs real and imagined. Shake hands. Have a drink... You'll need all the friends you can get, when your eyes get worse --

BILL

I don't apologize.

JANE

He figures everything he ever done, even if it weren't perfect, was justifiable.

CHARLEY

(to Bill)

Might take a lot of courage to forgive this poor kid.

BILL

Don't talk courage around me.

CHARLEY

(shrugs)

You see, Jack, even if Bill won't do anything but die restless, tryin' the patience of his friends, maybe you could let him go, forgive him, and move on... I've said my piece.

Donnie Lonigan looks at Charley for a moment, then drops him with a RIGHT HAND SMASH to the jaw --

JANE

Oh, God, you rotten bastard --

She bends over Charley, tends to him...

DONNIE LONIGAN

He said all this was gettin' him down, now he don't have to think about it.

Bill seems to have had little reaction to Charley's misfortune -- He keeps his attention on the cards, picks up Charley's hand --

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Charley had some mighty interestin' cards here...

DONNIE LONIGAN

(to Jack)

I say, let's gun him and hit out.

MCCALL

You don't shoot anybody else until I tell you -- Unless you don't wanta get paid.

Donnie Lonigan's reply is laced with a chill --

DONNIE LONIGAN

I'll get paid, Jack. Don't worry about that.

But Jack McCall is up to the game -- smiles back...

MCCALL

You don't get paid unless I walk into the bank in Cheyenne and draw it out.

DONNIE LONIGAN

That's where you got our money?

Jack is still smiling --

MCCALL

That's right.

Charley has recovered enough to stand, Jane helps him to the bar -- McCall has moved to the bar near the staircase, removing himself from the others, the gang as well as the captives...

BILL

More whiskey, Jane... My eyes are actin' up again.

JANE

You already had a lot of that medicine.

Jane moves to the bar, grabs a bottle and glass -- Donnie Lonigan stares out the double doors --

DONNIE LONIGAN

There ain't even an Injun in the street out there.

129 DONNIE LONIGAN'S P.O.V. - MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - MORNING 129 \*

Still deserted.

A few tethered horses and wagons --

A CHINESE MAN walks alone in the distance...

130 INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - MORNING 130 \*

Still at the bar, Jane has poured a quick one for herself which she snaps down --

CALIFORNIA JOE

(to Jane)

Could you pass me a mite of the cornbread?

Jane grabs some cornbread standing on the bar --

JANE

(to Jack)

You gonna eat?

MCCALL

Nope.

JANE

You gonna do it, you gonna shoot Wild Bill?

MCCALL

I just gotta get the time right in my head.

JANE

If you're gonna finish Bill, you oughta just get to it. I killed two men in my life, but I didn't make no circus out of it.

MCCALL

I didn't know no ladies killed.

JANE

Defendin' myself from unnatural advances.

CLARK

She's right. Kill him. Let's get it done.

Jane pours another drink into a glass and walks it over to Bill.

(CONTINUED)



130 CONTINUED:

130

CALIFORNIA JOE

Well pard, looks like you're gonna come to a messy end. No size to it. Ain't right for the great Wild Bill, but don't look like nothin' can be done. I been proud to know you, Bill.

Turns to McCall --

CALIFORNIA JOE

So, I figure, Jack, since all this makes no difference to Bill, kill him, kill him quick, and don't apologize.

BILL

You're gonna go to hell, Joe.

CALIFORNIA JOE

It'll be a kindness to have your company. I'm just tryin' to get this thing over with, Bill. Don't hold her against me.

DONNIE LONIGAN

Kill him --

CHARLEY

Be clean about it, though. Don't prolong it none --

MCCALL

Everybody says kill you.

BILL

It ain't their concern. Now listen, I have here one hell of an idea, you just give me the pistol, one hard slug in her, and I'll quit you of all this -- I'll blow my own damn brains out, save you the trouble.

CHARLEY

Sure. Let him kill himself. He's been doin' it for years.

MCCALL

This on the up and up?

(CONTINUED)

130

CONTINUED:

130

BILL

Gimme the gun.

MCCALL

You give him another whiskey, Miss Jane. And I'm gonna give him his one bullet --

Jane pours the whiskey.

MCCALL

I left one slug in her and I'm gonna stand back so you can fire when ready --

Jack gives Bill the gun he had been unloading, then he backs off and watches -- Bill holds the gun, looks at it.

BILL

Ain't many get the chance to call their own play.

MCCALL

You wanna say good-bye?

BILL

Sure. Good-bye, Jack --

He SNAPS the pistol at McCall.  
The hammer CLICKS on an empty chamber.  
Bill triggers through all the empty chambers, then hurls the gun away -- Jack, of course, thinks this whole thing is funny as hell --

MCCALL

Got you that time, Wild Bill --

Jack raises his own pistol -- a note of finality in his voice...

MCCALL

This is it.

BILL

Make it a good shot.

McCall levels down at Hickok -- ears back the hammer.

CALIFORNIA JOE

They'll hang ya for it, you little shit --

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Leave him be, Joe.

Hickok continues to play solitaire.  
Seemingly paying no attention to McCall.  
After a very long moment --

MCCALL

I can't.

He lowers the pistol...

DONNIE LONIGAN

Aw, for Christ's sake.

MCCALL

I couldn't do it last night in that  
Chinese flop house and I can't do it  
now 'cause I done it already, like  
the Bible says, 'cause I done it in  
my heart. I killed you already.

BILL

Could you just jump over the bullshit?

DONNIE LONIGAN

How about I do it?

Raises his gun -- hesitates as Charley walks close to him...

CHARLEY

Man that kills Wild Bill gonna be  
famous. Even after he hangs for it.

Donnie Lonigan lowers his pistol --

DONNIE LONIGAN

Let's get outta here.

Jack and the gang make to leave... Donnie Lonigan steps close  
to Bill, reaches out and SNAPS his hat brim --

DONNIE LONIGAN

Be seein' you around, Wild Bill.  
Maybe next time I won't be workin'  
for no chicken-shit kid...

MCCALL

Be seein' you all -- Awful sorry for  
all the trouble I made.

(CONTINUED)

130

CONTINUED:

130

Jane moves toward the stairwell.

JANE

At least I can do my toilette.

She moves up the stairs without a backward glance --

DONNIE LONIGAN

Nobody come outside 'til we're gone  
or there will be a killin'...

MCCALL

So long, Wild Bill --

He and the others move out the door.

131

INT. JANE'S ROOM - UPSTAIRS - MORNING

131

\*

She quietly enters, eases the door shut, then madly  
scrambles to her standing wardrobe closet; pulls it open,  
fetches the mahogany box, and takes out the brace of DRAGON  
PISTOLS --

132

INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - MORNING

132

\*

California Joe cuts himself another piece of cornbread --

CALIFORNIA JOE

About a week ago I had a dream;  
somebody had shot Wild Bill. 'Course  
I run to see. And there he was, sure  
enough, dead on the floor, white as  
wax --

BILL

Give it rest, Joe -- The kid lost his  
nerve.

Jane SUDDENLY appears on the balcony above --

JANE

Bill!

She tosses her two pistols to Bill down below -- Bill  
catches them, spins the cylinders, checks the trigger  
action --

(CONTINUED)

132

CONTINUED:

132

BILL

You all best stay in here --

CALIFORNIA JOE

Gimme one of them Colts, Bill.

BILL

Can't do it, Joe. I'm a better  
pistol shot than you with either  
hand --

CHARLEY

Bill -- How you seein'?

BILL

It comes and goes, Charley. You  
never know --

Both guns at his side as he heads for the double door.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Bill --

Hickok looks over.

CALIFORNIA JOE

I can out shoot ya with any rifle.  
You ain't never beat me at that.

BILL

You're right, Joe. You're the best  
with a long gun I ever saw.

Moves on.

133 EXT. STREET - DEADWOOD - MORNING

133 \*

Bill emerges from the No. 10 Saloon -- heads across toward  
Jensen's barn --

\*

134 INT. JENSEN'S BARN - DEADWOOD - MORNING

134 \*

Jack is still standing at the hitching rail, Donnie Lonigan  
and the others are swinging into the saddle as the big door  
opens and WILD BILL HICKOK appears. THE Wild Bill Hickok,  
not the tired man of the last few hours -- but the stuff of  
legends.

(CONTINUED)

134

CONTINUED:

134

BILL

You boys wanted a conclusion --

(looks at Donnie

Lonigan)

You oughta know better than to touch  
another man's hat...

The gang knows what's coming -- They reach for their guns -- too late as Bill cuts loose -- The barn is suddenly awash in GUNFIRE, SMOKE AND BLOOD. Bill stands and advances, impervious to the shots being fired at him; both Colts BUCKING in his hand -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Jack McCall standing still at the center as the fusillade ROARS around him. Bill empties both pistols -- Kills Donnie Lonigan, Jubal Pickett, Crook-Eye Clark, Bob Rainwater and Lew Scott -- As the smoke clears... A moment as he and McCall stare at each other...

BILL

Kid.

An OSTLER sticks his head out of one of the stables where he's been hiding --

KID

Yessir.

BILL

You see if you can go find a sheriff  
or some kind of law man.

KID

Yessir.

He runs off -- pounding outside and up the boardwalk --

BILL

Come on over, Jack.

McCall steps close to Hickok -- shit scared -- amazed that his life has been spared.

BILL

You come here after somethin' you  
can't get.

He takes Jack's pistol -- tosses it away -- Charley and California Joe now appear in the street -- visible through the big open door -- They stand and wait...

(CONTINUED)

134

CONTINUED:

134

BILL

I'm lettin' you live -- Sentimental  
gesture in honor of your mother --  
Now get on outta here...

MCCALL

Mind if I have a drink before I leave?

BILL

I'll buy you one -- Whiskey's good  
for a man. Helps ya see things in  
perspective.

As he turns and heads back outside...

135

INT. MANN'S NO. 10 SALOON - MORNING

135

\*

They all troop back in behind Bill -- He moves to the nearby  
card table, pulls up a chair -- Jane notices Jack...

JANE

What's he doin' here?

CALIFORNIA JOE

Bill's buyin' him a drink.

That's the limit for Jane, as Joe and Charley sit at one of  
the card tables with Bill and start to deal 'em up, she  
walks over to Jack -- SLAPS him hard across the face.

JANE

I ain't the forgivin' type. Far as I  
can see you're just a chicken-shit  
and a low-life. You drink your drink  
and get on out of town or else I'll  
be the one to put a bullet in ya.

She walks away from McCall, turns back --

JANE

You're no kind of man at all. Just  
some kind of fool.

She moves to the card table -- looks down at Bill...

(CONTINUED)

135

CONTINUED:

135

JANE

This whole thing's too damn crazy --  
You always been able to do what you  
want, Bill, and we don't matter, none  
of us...

BILL

Hush up. I'm concentratin' on my  
cards.

Wild Bill shifts his chair, his back is now to Jane and the  
bar, instead of the wall.

BILL

I like the view better over here, boys.

JANE

I'm gonna like you a lot better when  
you've passed on. I can just say I  
loved you and don't have to explain  
it none...

She moves to the PLAYER PIANO -- pulls the lever -- it  
begins to play LEAVING CHEYENNE -- Charley and California  
Joe still sitting at the card table with Bill -- He passes  
the cards across to Joe...calls for another hand. Jack  
pours a drink at the bar.

\*

BILL

Deal 'em up, Joe. My luck's runnin'...

Joe shuffles, deals --

CALIFORNIA JOE

You remember them soldiers in Hays  
City, Bill?

BILL

Goddamn soldiers, never liked 'em.  
Any of 'em. Didn't like bein' one  
neither. Wasn't cut out for the Army  
life...

\*

136

CLOSE - JACK - AT BAR

136

He quietly reaches into his coat, takes the DERRINGER out of  
his sleeve --



3/17/94

103.

137 CLOSE - BILL

137

He is now engrossed in the game, paying Jack McCall no attention -- Just another incident in a life of incidents...

BILL

Never liked them Eastern bastards  
either. Ten's in the pot. Damn, I  
got a good hand here...

138 CLOSE - JACK MCCALL

138

MCCALL

I'm sendin' you home, Wild Bill.

Now LEVELED DOWN with the Derringer...  
As he BLASTS! The screen goes WHITE --  
Then a sudden silence.

FADE.

JACK MCCALL WAS HANGED MARCH 1, 1877 FOR THE MURDER OF JAMES  
BUTLER HICKOK, KNOWN AS 'WILD BILL'.

END.